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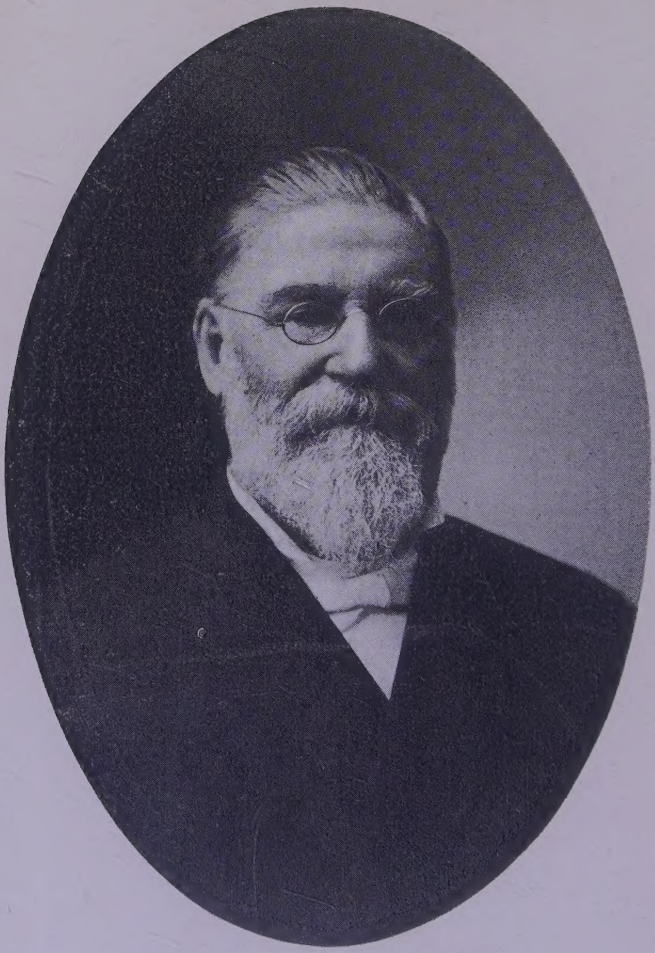

George W. Sederquist

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE

AND

EVANGELISTIC LABORS

OF

G. W. SEDERQUIST

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER OF "THE BLESSED HOPE RAILWAY," "FROM SHORE TO SHORE," "THE PARTING OF THE WAYS," AND UPWARDS OF SIXTY GOSPEL HYMNS AND SONGS

INTRODUCTION BY

REV. GEO. F. HAINES

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
77 OAKWOOD AVENUE, LYNN, MASS.
1911

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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
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California

Mission Hymn

I must go, when Jesus calls me;
Over mountain, plain, or glen
And make known this great salvation,
To the dying sons of men.
We must tell the wondrous story,
We must make the message ring,
While we wait the coming glory
Of our blessed Lord and King.

I must go where'er He sends me,
Toiling not for wealth or praise,
Leaning on His precious promise,
"I'll go with thee all thy days,"
To the lost ones who are dying,
Let us go in Jesus' name,
Bearing precious news of pardon,
In the message we proclaim.

I must go for time is waning,
And the moments fly apace;
Just a few more days remaining,
In this gospel age of grace;
Calls are heard and must be heeded,
From the fields in every clime,
Ere the judgment trumpet soundeth
On the closing day of time.

PREFACE.

This book from the pen of my friend and fellow-worker, will be found not only intensely interesting, but at times fascinating.

The author is well and widely known. Through his published works, *The Blessed Hope Railway, From Shore to Shore, The Parting of the Ways,* and upward of sixty gospel hymns, his name has become a household name in his denomination. Endowed with fine, natural qualifications, aided by acquired ability, and these supplemented by the gift of the Divine Spirit, Brother Sederquist has been a leader in evangelistic work among us, and he is to-day a strong, energetic, forceful and successful preacher of the gospel.

The title of this book, "Sketch of the Life and Evangelistic Labors of Rev. George W. Sederquist," expresses clearly its nature and object. It describes in the author's interesting style the wonderful leadings of God in his work as a minister of the gospel of our Lord, covering a period of over forty-five years, most of which time has been spent in the evangelistic field.

In this book the writer tells of his early life and struggles, his conversion and union with the Baptist Church, call to the ministry, change of faith, the struggles encountered in leaving his mother church, his removal to the States, and his long years of service as pastor and evangelist. Many of the incidents here recorded are amusing, interesting, instructive, inspiring and thrilling.

During these years of evangelistic work this dear brother has labored in all of the New England States, also in the Southern and Western States, and has several times crossed the Continent to bear the message of love to lost men. His labors have also extended into Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, the home of his early struggles.

The reader of these pages will soon discover that the author's aim is to magnify the grace of God by showing its power in the wonderful conversion of hundreds of precious souls to Christ.

I desire and speak for this book a wide circulation. It will strengthen faith, encourage the discouraged, brighten hope, and magnify the Saviour of men.

G. F. HAINES.

Chelsea, Mass., April 12, 1911.

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CHAPTER I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY LIFE, AND GROWTH OF HABITS.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Lower Granville, Nova Scotia, September 10, 1838, of parents through whose veins flowed the rich blood of three distinct nationalities; viz., Scotch, Swede and German.

Grandfather on my mother's side was James McGregor, of Scotch descent; and his wife was Hannah Wade, of German descent, a native of New York, whose parents emigrated to Nova Scotia, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, locating in the Annapolis Valley.

Grandfather Sederquist was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1754, and emigrated to America about 1776. I remember hearing in my childhood that Grandfather Sederquist was forced on board a man-of-war by a "press-gang" of a foreign nation, but devised a scheme which proved successful, and he with several others took refuge on board a merchant ship bound for America, and was safely landed in the "new world."

Grandmother Sederquist was born in Paisley, Renfrewshire Co., Scotland, and married for her

first husband a Mr. Harvey, to whom were born two sons, George and Norman Lamont. After the death of Mr. Harvey, Grandfather Sederquist, who had taken up a residence in Granville, became acquainted with Mrs. Harvey and married her; and with her two sons settled in Upper Granville. To them were born three sons, James, William and John, and one daughter, Christianna.

The sons of Mr. Harvey, after growing to early manhood, started out to shift for themselves. George, the eldest, settled on the Island of Grand Manan, N. B., situated on the north shore of the Bay of Fundy, where he brought up a family of three sons, George, William and Samuel, and one daughter, Mary. I distinctly remember that Uncle George Harvey kept up an intimacy with my father, by frequent correspondence and occasional visits, until uncle's death, which occurred several years before my father's death. Though a small boy, I was exceedingly interested in their conversation, as they related their struggles, hardships and exploits incident to their Colonial adventures, while the spirit of war and commotion existed between England, France and the United States. At that time every man capable of bearing arms in defence of the country was liable to be drafted into the militia, or for coast guard at a moment's notice.

Uncle James Sederquist with his brother William emigrated to the Province of New Brunswick, where they took up land situated on a spur of the St. John River, called "Kennebecassis," near Hampton Ferry. As adventurers they plunged into the

forest, and with axe, strength and fire succeeded in clearing off the land, and soon made for themselves a home.

Uncle William, who was of a delicate constitution, was compelled to abandon his enterprise and return to Nova Scotia, where he married Miss Margaret Anthony, and settled in Lower Granville.

My father's only sister Christianna became the wife of John McGregor, my mother's oldest brother, and located in the town of Lubec, Me., where he became quite wealthy, having engaged in the fishing industry.

My father, John Sederquist, being the youngest of his father's sons, remained in Granville with his parents. At the age of nineteen he was drafted into the militia, and served in the war of 1812. I remember the many interesting incidents related by him, while stationed at Annapolis Royal, also at Duke of York's Battery, and later at Halifax, while serving as corporal in the King's Guard. After father's discharge from military service, he married Miss Betsy Johnson, of Lower Granville, and settled upon a tract of land at the extreme western end of Granville Mountain. To them were born five children, the eldest being thirteen years old when her mother died. Hannah McGregor became the interested nurse of Betsy's children, and as guardian, foster mother and housekeeper, she assumed the responsibility of caring for the home; and within a year became the wife of John, and the stepmother of five small children. To feed them when hungry, nurse them when sick, make and

mend their clothes and attend to all the other household duties, was a burden which few girls at the age of nineteen would care to take upon themselves; especially in our times.

The names of the first wife's children were Margaret, Abigail, James, John and William. Of mother's children there were thirteen, three dying in infancy. The names of those who lived to grow up were William, Elizabeth, Christianna, Henderson, Rosaltha, George, Maria, Celinda, Norman and Emma.

The tract of land upon which father settled was located on the east side of the entrance to Annapolis Basin, known as Digby Gut. The land was covered with a heavy growth of timber, valuable for ship building purposes, and also furnished material for a thriving industry known as the Cordwood Trade, which was carried on between the Provinces and the United States.

In 1840 my father and his son James purchased a schooner which was employed in the above trade; father taking command of the vessel, while his two sons, James and William, and another man constituted the crew. This industry was pursued for several years, father giving the command of the vessel into the hands of James, who became a successful seaman. The last trip of the season was made in December, 1845. The schooner arrived in Boston safely, discharged her cargo, and cleared for her home port in Nova Scotia, and in company with other schooners bound for the same port left Boston, Dec. 7th. Signs of a coming storm compelled them to take shelter in Gloucester Harbor,

where they remained until the southeaster had spent its fury. As a change of wind gave hope of a quick run home, they weighed anchor, and put out to sea, but were overtaken by a storm of great violence, which sent the vessel, cargo, and crew to the bottom; and from that day to the present, no trace of them have been discovered. An older son, having been drowned only a few months previous, and now James and William; making three strong men swept away from the home, besides the vessel and her cargo, was a disaster from which father never fully recovered. However, through a kind Providence backing father's courage, and excellent faculty of managing affairs, brought the family through the worst disaster that it is possible to conceive. How memory goes back to those days of weeping and awful suspense. I have often tried to measure the depths of that sea of anguish which crushed the fondest hopes of our dear parents, who day after day would look out upon the angry waters of the Bay of Fundy and exclaim, "Will our precious boys never return to us again?" "Oh, how can we endure this grief?" "What, gone forever! Those precious sons gone forever!" "Oh, this cannot be! This cannot be!"

As I contemplate the sad event, I recall one incident connected with it, which wrings the hot tears from my eyes. It was this: One bright spring morning after the morning meal had been served, I saw the tears streaming down father's face, while he talked to the children, saying, "Well, children, all has been swept away from us, and in this trying

hour each must lay hold and help carry the burden!" I was not old enough to fully realize the sorrow that was crushing the life out of my dear parents; but I knew that something awful was breaking their hearts.

As father left the house sobbing, and placing an axe upon his shoulder, I heard him tell mother that he was going to build a fence up in the back field. I said, "Papa, I want to go with you. I want to help you make the fence!" He said, "Come along, Doddy!" My little heart leaped with joy, being so proud to follow father to the woods. I followed closely behind him, that I might place my little bare feet in his tracks, though he was unconscious of what I was trying to do. I remember distinctly that I would not let the distance widen between us, lest I should lose his track, though it was an effort to cover his long strides; but by hopping and jumping betimes, I kept close to his heels.

Finally we came to the Moose Hollow Brook, which we had to cross. Father making a long leap reached the other side, landing on dry ground; while I, trying to do the same, made the jump and plunged head and heels into the water, which was about three feet deep. The splash and scream aroused father from his deep meditation, and he immediately came to my deliverance, lifting me out of the water, wiped my face with his handkerchief, and, planting a kiss upon my forehead, embraced me tenderly, saying, "Well, Georgie, this is the beginning of your world of trouble; run home to

your mother," which I was very glad to do. And oh, those hands of mother's! How precious they were to me in that hour of my childish disappointment, for I did want to help dear father build the fence. The memory of this incident has often recurred during my life, causing the hot tears to flow when I have tried to imagine the magnitude of that calamity, which deprived my parents of those three noble young men.

As the family continued to grow in strength, hope sprang up with them, and from the grave of misfortune and disaster, better days came, and with strength came experience. The industrial habits of the family soon began to develop, and from the farm all our domestic comforts were derived, both for the table and for our wearing apparel. The sheep, hogs, cattle and poultry furnished substantial material for clothes, shoes and food supplies, such as butter, milk, vegetables and a large part of our breadstuff.

Our parents were delighted when we were obedient and dutiful children. While father was kind and affectionate, loving his children ardently, yet he was stern and sometimes severe, when administering the rod of correction. But mother, precious mother! How sweet her memory! No words like mother's, no hands like mother's, no kiss like hers in the hour of our childish troubles. When peevish, fretful, tired and sick, mother was the chief source of comfort. Her touch, her look, her smile and her kiss was a balm for every sorrow, at morning, noon, or night. Home, the dearest place

on earth. Home, where parents loved, labored, bore and forbore, and taught us the first principles of truth, uprightness and virtue. Home, the school where we first lisped the sweet name of mother, who taught us of God and eternal things. Shall we forget to pay our tribute of love and profound respect to parental memories? Nay, verily. Father was the head, guardian and sovereign dictator, who by divine right possessed the authority to enact and administer the laws governing the empire of home. Yea, but what is home without the joint sovereignty of both father and mother, for the moral development and government of the home.

As the family grew up to man and womanhood, they began to scatter one here and another there; but the old homestead remained with its sunshine and shadows, till after the death of father, which occurred on the seventh day of August, 1857, in the sixty-eighth year of his age; leaving five unmarried children with mother, she being the head to plan, advise and supervise in carrying on the farm and support of the family.

I was but nineteen years old when father died, and though there were many temptations thrown in my way by my associates to leave home and shift for myself, I felt it my duty to remain with mother and help keep up the farm. After a year or more, circumstances made it imperative for me to leave home for a time and follow the sea, and I spent what time I could coasting in the North Atlantic.

The Growth of Habit.

I soon found that the associations of sailors on shipboard were more or less degenerating, and before I was aware of it, I had imbibed demoralizing practices which required years to overcome. The drink habit, so freely indulged in by sailors, was hard to reject when in company with those who thought it made them every inch a sailor to drink with their comrades. With the degenerating habit of drink was associated the filthy habit of chewing and smoking tobacco; also profanity, gambling and other vices not easily conquered. The thoughtless habit of using profane language had taken fast hold upon my young life, which conscience often rebuked, filling me with shame and condemnation. Though I was conscious of the doom that awaited me, when called to stand before the Judge of all the earth, yet I was held by the evil one as if in a vise, from which I could not release myself.

At the age of fourteen I was brought under the influence of religious awakening and became much alarmed about my future state. I lived for some time in great fear of death, and the thought of the great day of judgment drove me nearly insane. I tried to pray secretly, hoping to find deliverance from the terrible thought of being tormented eternally in a hell of fire and brimstone. Thinking myself too young to make a profession of religion, I stifled conviction and succeeded in driving religious thoughts from my mind; after a while, I lost the fear of death, and the dread of coming judgment. In times of danger when death stared me in the face,

my assumed bravery would forsake me, and I would cry out, "God, be merciful and spare my life." During those years of rebellion and wickedness, the faint hope still clung to me, that some time God would pardon and save me.

I now see how gracious and kind our dear heavenly Father was to bring me to repentance, grant me remission of all my sins, and take me into his favor. All praise to his adorable name forever.

CHAPTER II.

MARRIAGE AND CONVERSION.

SOME two years after the death of my father, I made the acquaintance of a school-teacher who was boarding with my mother. The lady was a young widow, the daughter of Deacon John Litch, of Granville, Nova Scotia. In course of time our acquaintance and friendship ripened into a marriage contract, which was consummated on the second day of December, 1860. My wife had professed religion several years previous to our acquaintance, and though I knew it to be a fact, I did not find a willingness in my heart to encourage her in that which I knew nothing about. Of course there was in me a sense of moral consciousness, by which I knew that my habits of life were not congenial to her, though she avoided saying anything to me upon the subject. I had reason to believe that my conduct worried her somewhat, as on several occasions, I heard her praying for me,which deepened my convictions and disturbed the old Adam within me; though I kept it all to myself. In process of time, there came into our home a sweet little girl baby, the most beautiful thing that

nature could devise to create happiness within the home. Nothing in all the world so lovely, had I seen before. And now wife, baby, mother, two sisters and one brother formed the circle of that dear old home; and no heart was happier than mine, though it was love without Christ; a sort of natural affinity without salvation as far as I was concerned. While the home lacked in many ways the comforts and pleasures which wealth could have furnished, domestic love and fidelity supplied what the absence of money denied. We learned to be content with such things as our means could furnish.

During the first two years of our married life, it seemed that the enemy of all good had aroused in the circle of our acquaintance the spirit of revelry and social wickedness. Of course it was only natural that I should share in those social amusements, as I was a part of the crowd who loved sin. I enjoyed mirthful association, and felt grieved when slighted by my associates in the community, when the devil was at work playing his social games. Notwithstanding my waywardness, I often found myself battling with a guilty conscience when alone at my work. But alas! however strong my resolution to break away from those environments which were dragging me down to perdition, I found I lacked the moral courage of resistance when assailed by the tempter, and I was as helpless as a chip driven by the tempest.

How I Was Converted.

During the summer of 1862 the Baptist Church of Lower Granville called Rev. Isaiah Wallace, who was a young man of sterling qualities, to the pastorate. He at once adapted himself to the needs of the people of the parish, and by visiting from house to house won the hearts of many, especially those in the humbler walks of life.

Early in the month of December, a series of revival meetings were begun in the Baptist Church, and very soon a work of grace broke out among the people, extending for miles up and down the valley, and over the Granville Mountain to settlements along the shore of the Bay of Fundy. For a time I positively refused to attend the meetings; prefering to join my associates in their social amusements. The revival increased in power, and scores were being converted. I began to feel an inward need of something which I could not disclose to my most intimate friends. I strove hard to resist my convictions, trying to make myself believe that it was only imagination; but when I knew that some of my neighbors had professed conversion, and that a great change had taken place in their lives, I said, "Surely there is something more than human power to effect such results." It suddenly occurred to me, "Why not put myself in the way of testing the power whatever it might be." Doubts began to leave me, and I decided to attend the meetings, and did so peremptorially. As I journeyed to the church that night seriously thinking of what had occurred in our community, I wonderingly inquired of myself,

"Will I be one of the number who shall come out on the Lord's side?"

Upon reaching the church, it was announced by the pastor that the chorister was sick, and could not be present to lead the singing, consequently I was invited by the pastor to take his place in the gallery, which I consented to do with many misgivings. After the meeting closed, the pastor met me at the door, and, taking me by the hand, said, "You did finely to-night. Come again. We hope you will consecrate that voice to sing for God."

Those kind but unexpected words made a deep impression upon my heart, deepening the conviction that after all I might find the Lord as my Saviour.

On the following night I told my wife that I was going to meeting again; she encouraged my decision; so did my dear mother, who said, "That's right, George, go to meeting, and I hope you will become a good Christian man."

On my way to church that night, when passing through the village, one of the leading men of the place standing at his gate saluted me saying, "Where are you going to-night, George?" I told him I was going to meeting. He told me that his wife had gone to meeting with a friend, and that he was all alone, and if I would stop with him we could have a good time playing cards. He drew a deck of cards from his pocket, and also a flask of whiskey, saying, "We will have all this to ourselves." I told him I had promised to go to meeting, and could not break my promise. Then he urged me vehemently, saying, "The meetings are only excitement, and

should you get religion you could not keep it. You are too fickle to keep religion." I said "Mr. D., I don't know whether I can keep it or not. I have not been converted, nor do I know whether I ever shall be; but certainly time will decide whether what you say is true or otherwise." I left him as I thought, but he clung to me, and followed me a long way up the road insisting that I should turn back with him. But when he saw that I was determined to go on, he stopped, saying, "You'll visit with me to-morrow night, won't you, George?"

Leaving him I hastened on to the place of worship, reaching there in time for the opening of the service, where I took my place with the singers as on the previous night. After the sermon, when the invitation was given to those who desired salvation, several arose from their seats and gave evidence that they desired to begin a new life. Although I was laboring under deep conviction I did not rise with the others, hoping that some one would come and speak to me; but it so happened that nobody came, and I was alone with my burden. I was feeling exceedingly uncomfortable and thought of leaving the house; but before I had decided what to do, I was seized with a strange impulse, and rising to my feet cried out, with tears, "Friends, I feel that I am a great sinner, and desire to be saved. Pray for me." There were some who seemed glad that I had taken the step, who told me to cast my sins upon Christ; but this I did not know how to do. All I could think of was, "I have sinned, and I must suffer."

The minister and others prayed for the seekers, that they might find pardon and peace. The meeting closed at a late hour and I started for home a distance of four miles; but distance was not thought of, as the mind was occupied with greater things. I became desperately in earnest and allowed no obstacle to interfere with my pursuit. I was seeking for the "one thing needful."

On my arrival home that night I made known to my wife my intention to begin a new life and quit the paths of sin and wickedness. My dear mother came from her room when she knew what I had done, saying, "Oh, I am so glad you have decided to be a Christian." I continued to seek for the peace and joy which others said they had found; but prayed and waited for three full weeks before it came to me. During all this time the enemy was at my heels, tempting me to give it all up and go back to my old associates.

There is one incident which I will relate right here, where I gained a great victory over the enemy, which settled the question of the drink habit with me forever. I was invited one Sunday (about ten days after I had decided to become a Christian), by a Christian neighbor of ours, to go to her home with her sons and eat dinner with them, she having prepared the dinner on the previous day. Accordingly I went along with them, and we were soon joined by two others, who, like myself, were invited guests to the dinner. As we were all old friends it was only natural that some of our exploits and deeds should be recalled, reminding us of former

associations. When the dinner was ready and each one had taken his seat at the table, one of the boy's brought on a pitcher of liquor, and proceeded to fill a glass which had been placed at each plate. Then it fell to the lot of one of the company to propose a toast, which, however, is not fit to repeat in this narrative. I looked on, but took no part in the hilarious proceedings. When the toast was proposed, each one of the young men raised his glass to his lips and responded in gusto. I had determined not to touch the glass at my plate, and they asked me why I did not drink with them? I replied, "Boys, I have decided to live a new life, and if that glass is never emptied till I empty it, it will remain so until the judgment trumpet sounds. Boys, I am done with this kind of life forever, God being my helper."

For a moment there was absolute stillness; then they broke out in derisive jeers; shouting and laughing in the most improper manner. I endured the taunts and ridicule a few minutes in silence, then rising from the table, left the house and found a retreat among the trees at the base of the mountain, where I tried to pray and cast my burden on the Lord. This victory over the power of temptation in the presence of my young associates, won for me their confidence and respect. The experience of "coming out of darkness into light," and from the power of Satan into the "liberty of the children of God," is certainly beyond human comprehension. Truly, "It is better felt than told."

CHAPTER III.

MY VICTORY IN BAPTISM.

WHEN I came to the ordinance of baptism, I saw that I must comply with that duty irrespective of what others thought, as there were some who sought to dissuade me from going forward so soon after my conversion. One young man, a special friend of mine, said, "George, I hear that you are going forward in baptism soon, and I have called to have a little talk with you on the subject. As for myself, I have concluded not to be baptized now, but wait on trial for three or six months; and if I can hold out that long, shall then go forward and join the church. Now take my advice and don't go too soon, for should you not hold out in your profession, you will always regret the step you have taken."

In reply I said, "George, I don't know whether I can hold out or not; but I am sure, if you can hold out for three months in disobedience and remain all right, I can see no reason why I may not hold out and be all right, if I obey the Lord at once. For surely if a man can remain steadfast in disobedience, he has a better chance to do so in

obedience; hence I cannot accept your advice however well-meaning it may be given."

On Feb. 14th, 1863, with several other converts I was buried with Christ in baptism by the pastor, at Victoria Beach. The day was cold and wintry, but God's love filled my heart as I stepped into the water in obedience to our Lord's command. The dear friends who witnessed the ordinance from the shore, sang as we entered the water:

"Through floods and flames if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved friends,
Though earth and hell oppose."

And still they sang as other candidates went forward and were buried in the likeness of Christ's death and resurrection:

"Young converts, if your hearts are warm,
Ice and snow will do no harm."

There were many young people in the community with whom I had formed close friendship, and it was not an easy matter to dissolve those relations, but this I found to be absolutely necessary, if I would follow in the footsteps of the Master. I found the Christian pathway delightful. "Christ's yoke was easy, and his burden light" to me, as far as I had found opportunity of testing it.

A Night With a Dying Young Man.

About one year after my conversion I was called one night to watch with a very sick young man, the son of one of our neighbors. I complied, and spent the night in the sick room. As I sat by his bedside

attending to his needs and noticing his fast-declining strength, I ventured to speak to him upon the subject of salvation. I told him of the Saviour I had found, and tried as best I could to direct his mind to the One who had saved me. The message which the Lord gave me proved a blessing to the dying man, and a little after midnight he was enabled by faith to embrace the living Christ as his personal Saviour. He became very happy, and calling for the family told them what Jesus had done for his soul. This was the first deathbed conversion I had ever witnessed, though I have heard of many. There was weeping and great rejoicing in that mountain home, where the Lord met and saved the sailor boy, who became the preacher of the family for several days before his death.

A few nights after my experience with the dying young man I attended a revival at the church, and when the minister gave liberty for testimony I arose and related my experience with him, which the Lord used to the awakening of several young people who had grown cold and careless in religious matters. The pastor, having spoken encouragingly of my usefulness, urged me to keep on in the service of the Master, causing some of the older members of the church to complain, saying, "If the pastor keeps on pushing George ahead he'll be spoiled. You'll see if what I tell you isn't true! He's altogether too fiery; he'll soon burn out; remember what I tell you!" Some one replied, "Oh, you must not judge; the Lord is able to keep

him, as he is to keep anybody else." Another voice piped up, "For my part I would not lift my hand against him for the world." Another remarked, "Well, if the Lord can use him to do good, I'm sure no one ought to try to hurt him." "Who wants to hurt him?" said a gruff voice. "He ought to be made to know his place and keep it."

One after another dropped out of the group of those who were sowing the seeds of their opinions along the highway in the darkness; not knowing that the accused was listening to their conversation.

Alone With My Thoughts.

When left alone to plod along in the darkness, ere I reached my home, the enemy had kindled a fire in my nature which required days to quench. I was thrown into "Doubting Castle," where "Giant Despair" thrust me hard with his sword, crippling my weak faith and shattering my cistern so badly that I could not hold the sweet waters of abiding peace.

On reaching home late at night, I related to my good wife what I had listened to, and told her that I had almost decided to give up my religion and go back to my old associates. But she tried to comfort me by saying, "Why, George, I would disappoint all my doubtful enemies and stick to my religion if I died trying; for if you should give up now, it would prove their judgment correct, and your enemies would glory in your downfall."

This sound reasoning quieted my restless spirit for a season, but the enemy dogged my steps, hurl-

ing his fiery darts at me until I was nearly overcome with reproach and shame. There were some who gave me six months, others a year, when I would give up the whole thing and go back to the world. On this line, the battle raged fierce. Hot shots were thrown from the enemies' battery, until I thought my case was hopeless and that God had forsaken me. I threw myself at the feet of "Sovereign Mercy" and cried mightily for succor, but it seemed that the Lord would never hear me again. Surely this was a day of bitterness. A day in the wilderness tempted of the devil from a source least expected.

I proved in this experience the divinity of Paul's testimony that, "No chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The blessed Lord having taken my feet from the miry clay, and placed them upon the "Rock of Ages" I could sing as loud as before the trial:

"For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory, again, and again."

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY STRUGGLES AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

FOR nearly a quarter of a century Eld. J. J. Woodworth, of Litchfield, had conducted a Sunday-school at Victoria Beach, and taught many of the children of that district all they knew of the alphabet, of God, of Jesus and his great salvation. He was a man of God who taught the people to love, fear and obey the gospel. He was a fearless, faithful, earnest, honest preacher of the gospel of grace and free salvation. His labors were given without praise or reward; and though often slighted, and sometimes misunderstood, he faced the storms of winter, and the heat of summer, without murmur or complaint. While perhaps but little credit was given this worthy servant of God for the seed that was sown in that district by his unfaltering zeal for his Master, the day of rewards will discover to whom the credit is due. Eld. Wm. Ingham, an earnest minister of the gospel of the kingdom, also gave much time and service to the cause at Victoria Beach, and other districts along the Bay of Fundy shore, where he preached the word of life, and labored with his hands to assist

those who were poor and needy. The revival in Lower Granville had developed the seed which other men sowed, but the glory belongs to the Lord of the harvest.

The incident related in one of the preceding pages of the conversion of the dying young man, made an impression upon my mind, and kindled in my bosom a yearning desire to go forth and tell the story of Jesus and his love, which increased more and more as circumstances opened the way of usefulness. Being brought in touch with the religious elements of the community, in consequence of my official standing as superintendent of the Sunday-school and leader of the weekly prayer-meetings of that section of the church, the responsibility thrown upon me naturally created a thirst for Bible knowledge and preparation for service. The secret yearnings of my heart I dared not disclose to my dearest friends, though no doubt they might have helped me in many ways.

I continued in this state of mind several months before I made it known, but after the secret was given to a friend it soon found wings and the air was full of rumor, that "George was going to be a preacher of the gospel." Occasionally I would hear the taunt, "There goes the preacher," or, "When are you going to preach?" To such inquiries I would say but little, but never denied that such desire was burning in my heart. Knowing my inability and lack of preparation for such a holy calling I suffered much, but could not throw off the conviction that I must preach the gospel. Finally

I decided to test the question whether it was a selfish ambition prompting me, or whether it was the Lord calling me to his service. I had reached a stage in my experience when I felt the Lord must settle the question for me. I asked him if it was his Spirit prompting my desire, to open the way for the exercise of my gift without my solicitation, and not until he did, could I go forward with any degree of certainty. It came to pass soon after I sought special evidence, that the Lord gave me the first direct answer to my request.

One Sunday morning our pastor sent a special appointment to the village to preach. The announcement was circulated widely, which brought out a large congregation; but for some reason he did not fill the appointment and the waiting became embarrassing, perhaps to myself more than to any one else present, as every eye seemed to be fixed upon me, and when I could bear the strain no longer I arose from my seat and started for the pulpit saying, "Dear friends, I have carried a load upon my heart for a long time being impressed that the Lord wanted me to preach the gospel, and now that the minister has not come, I feel it will be my opportunity to settle the question whether I can preach or not."

When I had delivered my message, which to all outward appearance was received kindly, one after another came to me, saying, "Bro. Sederquist, you have preached a very acceptable discourse. You are making no mistake in your calling. Keep on preaching, and may the Lord abundantly bless your

undertaking." As I had laid my case before the Lord and received satisfactory evidence of his approval, to be certain beyond a doubt I again turned the fleece and left it with the Lord.

Several weeks passed and no open door was shown me, but I kept watching and praying, saying, "Thy will be done." Finally, one day late in the autumn, I was in the town of Digby on business and when about to leave the place in my boat a man called to me from the wharf saying, "Mr. S., I would like to talk with you for a few minutes, if you have the time to spare." I complied with the request and came back to the wharf. He said to me, "Down at Broad Cove, on the Bay of Fundy shore, where I am living, there are a great many young people and old folks as well, and we have no Sunday-school or religious services of any kind from one year's end to another. Some of our young people have visited your Sunday-school and religious services at Victoria Beach, and think if you could come to our place much good might be accomplished. Now, what I want to say is, will you arrange to come to our neighborhood and hold some meetings soon." I told him that I had a delicacy about going out from home on account of the speech of the people, as I was not a recognized minister. Nevertheless he urged me to consider the needs of the people and help them if possible.

I saw the wet fleece in this open door and could not resist the call. Having decided the question of duty, I sent an appointment, and leaving my home on Saturday afternoon, crossing Digby Gut in a

boat, I walked to the village a distance of seven miles, reaching there after dark, where I found the meetinghouse filled with a congregation, mostly of young people who were anxiously waiting my coming. The people extended a cordial welcome to the young preacher, which gave him much encouragement and strength.

There was a band of excellent singers present, who engaged in the service of song, making the place vocal with praise to the Creator. I discoursed to the people upon the unchangeableness of Jehovah's character, from Mal. 3: 6, "For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." This was my first sermon out in the gospel field, which proved the beginning of my first revival.

On Sunday there were large congregations present at each service, and the Holy Spirit was present to send the message home to the hearts of some of the congregation, especially those of advanced years, several of whom had seen better days, as they said, "In years gone by." The two deacons who were not enjoying religion expressed their belief that a little spark of grace was buried in the ashes of neglect, which God in his own good time would fan into a flame. They argued that, "Once in grace, never out of it." They claimed that the "Good Shepherd would never suffer his sheep to be lost however far they might stray from the fold." I told them that I thought it a very dangerous adventure, as well as a bad example to set before the young people of the community.

At the request of the people I made another appointment for the following Saturday night and over the Sabbath, which was characterized by deep conviction, many being moved to tears while I urged upon them the claims of the gospel. At the morning and afternoon services the house was full, being attended by several prominent members from the Baptist Church of Digby, who had learned of the interest awakened at Broad Cove. At night I spoke upon Christ's agony in the garden of Gethsemane, from the text, "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

I cannot tell the reader at this time just how I portrayed the Saviour's agony in the garden; but when making the application of the subject I inquired: How many of you parents have ever spent an hour alone in prayer for your children, or for your neighbors' children? For whom was all this agony? For whom was all this suffering, the tears and bloody sweat? "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death!" When the application became most pathetic, a woman, the mother of a large family of children, arose from her seat and approaching her two sons, who sat near together, fell upon her knees between them and earnestly pleaded with them to give their hearts to God. This action of the woman interrupted my discourse, and I was compelled to stop, as nearly all present were in tears. Backsliders confessed their transgressions, while sinners cried for mercy.

Old grudges were made up; wrongs were righted; quarrels of long standing were disposed of in gospel order; sailors just from the sea, fishermen, farmers, old men, young men, parents and children were alike upon their knees crying for mercy and salvation.

One remarkable feature noted in that revival was, that there was not a single Christian attending the meeting from whom we could expect any spiritual assistance; hence it was a work of grace without the human harnessed into the car of God's salvation. To God be all the glory! This was my first revival; this was the turned fleece by which I settled forever my hesitating faith in regard to what the Lord would have me do.

CHAPTER V.

OPEN DOORS IN NEW FIELDS.

FOR several months I continued to visit the people in that vicinity, and extended my labors to Gulliver's Hole, St. Mary's Bay and Digby Neck, where many were blest in receiving the gospel.

In the latter part of February 1865, a request was made by the Baptist Church of Digby and vicinity, that a letter of recommendation be given me to show that I was a member in good and regular standing of the church in Lower Granville. The pastor brought the matter before the church at a regular meeting, but it was not received favorably by some of the members, who called me an upstart, saying that my ambition would burn out after a little while. I told them that they need not worry about me as I had settled the matter with the Lord as best I could and should continue in the work of the gospel with or without a letter, but would prefer a letter if they chose to grant it. There was considerable feeling manifested, and the matter was laid aside. When the church refused to grant the favor, the pastor, on his own responsibility, went further and gave me a license to exercise my gift as exhorter or preacher as the Lord might direct.

In June following, at the Western Baptist Association, I was recognized and appointed as a missionary by the Home Missionary Board, and filled appointments at Annapolis, Digby and in Queen's County.

In the spring of 1867, I was invited to visit Caledonia, where I spent several weeks with the Baptist Church which was without a pastor. The meetings went on uninterrupted for several weeks, being held in a hall furnished by Melton Douglass, when it was found to be too small to accommodate the people who desired to attend the meetings. Finally the officials of the F. W. Baptist Church invited us to unite with them in their house of worship, which was much nearer the center of the village, and more desirable for our work. Accordingly, arrangements were made for the change, and I was chosen to conduct the services, being assisted by Rev. C. W. T. Dutcher, and Rev. Burton Minard, a young man just returned from the University of Bangor, Maine. The spirit of unity pervaded the meetings, and much good was accomplished in the conversion of sinners, and also the reviving and strengthening the churches thus united.

Having spent some seven weeks or more in that locality, and having received but little pecuniary support for my family, I felt the time had come for me to return to my home. I expressed a desire to see the converts baptized before I left them, but not being qualified to administer the ordinance, the Lord sent us an ordained minister, who baptized

the candidates and received them into church membership. The minister was Rev. Perez F. Murry, whom I had known from childhood, which afforded me much pleasure after so many years of separation.

Mr. Dutcher, a Methodist minister, created a sensation at the evening service, by accusing the Baptists of proselyting certain persons whom he claimed as candidates for his circuit. His conduct was indeed, to say the least, reprehensible, as he denounced the Baptists in language not becoming a Christian minister. The episode caused much unpleasantness in the community which required years to forget.

Sermon on Baptism.

The Baptist people felt that an injustice had been done them, and urged me to meet the charge of the minister with a biblical sermon on Christian baptism. Having availed myself of the standard authorities upon the subject, and armed with the living Word of God I felt sure of victory.

On Wednesday night the multitudes came together, as the notice had been circulated broadcast over the country. People of all creeds, or of no creed whatever, were present to hear and see what was going on. There were several ministers present, representing both sides of the question; and, believing that I held the Bible view of the subject, was somewhat self-confident of giving a rebuke to error without reproaching the truth. Upon opening my subject, I stated that the object of Christian baptism was to represent the death,

burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ; who "both died, and rose, and revived" from the dead, "that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."

First, To the believer, baptism is "the answer of a good conscience toward God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ;" as the outward act of an indwelling faith. Second, The mode of baptism: "Buried with Christ in baptism into death." Third, The proper subjects for baptism: adults, or such persons as are accountable for sins committed, and capable of repentance, and belief of the gospel. Fourth, When the candidate should be baptized: After he has given evidence of godly sorrow for sin, and has determined to forsake it forever.

This, if I remember rightly, constituted the fundamental basis of my discourse. Having talked about fifteen mintues with much freedom, I suddenly became confused and was compelled to stop. After pausing for a brief interval and casting a glance over the congregation I discovered that nearly all had dropped their heads, which greatly added to my confusion, when I exclaimed, with emotion, "Brethren, give me your attention." Then I said, "If the Lord has called me to preach his gospel, he never called me to write it; so here goes for slap-dash preaching." The brethren rallied, and I finished my discourse down in the congregation, pleading with sinners to seek the loving Saviour. This was my first and last effort in writing and reading sermons. While I have no aversion to preachers reading a good sermon, yet it seems more like a schoolboy reciting his lesson, than it does

like the old, apostolic, Holy Ghost style of preaching in the power and demonstration of the Spirit.

The day following the experience above stated, I left the people of that country for my home in Lower Granville, a distance of about eighty miles. The distance to travel on foot through a wet country road was not pleasant to contemplate; but as no other means of transportation was provided, I realized that I must face the inevitable.

The first day I traveled about nineteen miles, stopping over night at a public house, where I was courteously entertained, though the people were not Protestants. I frankly told the lady of the house that I had been out in the mission field for several weeks, but had received nothing for my services, and it would be a great convenience if they could accommodate me for the night, which they very kindly did. Leaving them soon after breakfast, I took up my long, tiresome journey of nineteen miles, through a dense forest, over a swampy road, requiring one at times to leap from one stone to another, or upon roots of trees, or anything upon which one could find a solid footing.

Arriving at the settlement of Millford late in the afternoon I ventured up to a neatly-painted house and knocked. I was invited to "walk in," which I was glad to do. The lady inquired, "Have you eaten dinner?" When I told her I had not, she immediately prepared for me a comfortable meal; meanwhile I had drawn off my boots and dried my feet, which were wet and cold.

While resting, I became much interested in a young lady of the family, whom I asked if she was a Christian. Instead of a reply I saw the hot tears running down her face. I saw that my presence was not embarrassing to her, and I made free to ask more questions concerning her spiritual condition. The mother informed me that they were Roman Catholics; but were not at all bigoted, and were glad to have Christian people talk with them. Just before leaving them I thanked the lady for her kindness and expressed my regret for not having the means to remunerate her; but she said, "If you had plenty of money I would not take a copper from you." When bidding them good-bye the lady said, "If ever you come this way again you shall be welcome to the best I have." It is certain that such kindness will not pass unrewarded. He who marketh the place where the sparrow falleth, and numbereth the hairs of our heads will not forget the kindness shown to the poor wayfarer.

Passing through the settlement of Graywood next day, I called upon friends who entertained me at dinner; also I called upon several families in the community and found lodging for the night, where I rested my tired feet and sore limbs, the result of my long, tiresome tramp through the woods.

Resuming my journey next morning, I reached Granville Ferry at noon, a distance of seven miles, where I dined with friends, and rested for a few hours. Finding myself very much fatigued by my long journey, I pushed on to Stony Beach; there I

called upon my pastor, Rev. Isaiah Wallace, where I rested for the night, still having twelve miles before me ere I reached my home. Next morning after breakfast I left Stony Beach for home, sweet home, which I reached in the early evening.

Calling upon my friend, Mr. George Litch, at Victoria Beach, I learned that my family were all well and doing nicely. Here "I thanked God and took courage." When leaving for home, as I passed out of the gate, Bro. Litch informed me that he had baited his fishing trawls, but could not set them on account of other pressing business, and if I would set them in the morning I might have all I could catch. In reply I said, "I shall be only too glad to do so, as I have an empty pocketbook and nothing in sight to replenish an empty larder."

This to me was a new phase of divine Providence, which filled my heart with songs of rejoicing as I hastened to my home in the darkness. Arriving home I found my loved ones all well, and much more comfortable than I had expected. Wife, mother and the precious children greeted me with gladness, which was heartily appreciated. James, the baby, only ten months old, fat, handsome and precious, with all the rest of the dear ones were roused from their warm beds and caressed tenderly.

In the morning after a hasty lunch I started for the fishing beach, but it looked very doubtful whether I could realize what I so ardently hoped for on account of a dense fog which enveloped both land and sea. After reaching the village I called

at the house of Bro. James Morrison and told him what I intended to do, and wanted him to go with me; but when he saw how dark and thick the fog had settled down upon the water he said, "You can't go out this morning; you'll get lost in the fog, I would rather give you a half barrel of flour than to have you go out in this thick fog." I told him that the last loaf was under the knife, and only a little flour in the barrel, and seven hungry mouths to fill. It was "nip and tuck" with me now, fog or no fog. As I had an opportunity to try my luck, I would trust the Lord and go out and do my part.

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

The chances looked rather dark to attempt to go out alone in the blackness of the morning, as Bro. Morrison had refused to go with me. However, on going down to the beach I found a small boy who was willing to go with me for company. Launching the boat I immediately made ready and started out of the Gut, with the oars pulling close along the shore for a mile or more before striking out in the Bay. After rowing for more than an hour, I judged myself far enough out, and, sounding found thirty fathoms of water and letting go the trawl anchor, the boat drifted with the tide until I had paid out the trawl, and brought the boat to anchor. Having "hand lines" and bait, I began to fish and found I had struck the right spot, for the fish was there waiting for my hooks which they took immediately. After fishing awhile at full speed, I heard the hoot of an Indian out in the fog,

and answered his call; he soon came alongside of my boat. "You catch no fish here," said the Indian. "You way down in Gut tide. You way down off Lighthouse Point."

After the tide began to slacken, I commenced hauling the trawl, and discovered that a kind Providence had fished it far beyond my most sanguine expectation. I had caught five large halibut; two of them were seven feet long, the other three being about five feet. When I had taken in all the lines, the boat was full of fish. The sun was about two hours high when I left the fishing ground for home; and He who had guided me in the offing, and fished my trawls so miraculously, brought me back safely to land. When I landed on the beach, with the boat loaded nearly to the water's edge, the men came running down to the boat, and when they saw the fish they were filled with wonder and surprise, saying, "Well, the Lord had something to do with that fare of fish." One man said, "The Lord has blest you this time, George, if he never does again."

Now I will admit this to be a "fish story," but such a one as Peter and the other apostles could tell after Jesus had fished their nets on the blue waters of Galilee, when they had toiled all the night, and had taken nothing. So it was with the writer, who had been out in the field toiling many weeks fishing for men, but had received nothing for the family's support. Jesus said to his disciples, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets. . . . And when they had done this, they in-

closed a great multitude of fishes." I insert this narrative, that the reader may see that the same Jesus, who made provision for his called servants nineteen hundred years ago, will see to it that his servants of to-day shall be cared for, even if he has to perform a miracle to accomplish it. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," said Jesus. "Go ye into my vineyard, and work; and whatsoever is right will I give."

CHAPTER VI.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

DURING the month of June, 1868, I spent in the mission field, preaching at Annapolis Cape, Prott Settlement, and East Dalhousie, holding meetings nights and visiting from house to house daily.

While traveling through the woods in Western Dalhousie, on one occasion I was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm, late in the afternoon, and, for all I knew, was far from any human habitation. The storm broke suddenly upon me, with terrific thunder and lightning and a terrible downpour of rain, flooding the road like a river. I was compelled to take shelter under a hemlock tree, where I waited until the tempest passed over; then where to go I did not know, as it was nearly sunset, and growing dark in the midst of a deep green forest. However, I lifted my heart to Him who never slumbers nor sleeps; believing that He would provide me a shelter for the night.

I left the place and started on my journey, but had not gone far when I heard a team coming toward me, and cast about in my mind how I should approach the driver, as I knew not whether he

would be white man or Indian. In a short time we met and I saluted the driver with, "Good evening, sir." He stopped his team, and I inquired if he could direct me to a house in the vicinity. He told me to "Keep on until you come to a crossroad, then take the right hand turn for a short distance, and you will find a comfortable lodging for the night."

I followed his directions and came to the house, knocked at the door, and a lady in middle life answered the call. I told her my business, and the cause of my presence at her house; and that I was seeking shelter for the night. The lady invited me into the house and handing me a chair bade me sit down. She made inquiry, "Have you eaten supper?" I told her I had not, but did not care to put her to so much trouble. She insisted that I should have something to eat, and asked what I would prefer. I then told her I would be thankful for some bread and milk, which she gave in abundance. In a very friendly way, she sat down by the table, and gave me an interesting account of her experience in this wild, wooded country. She was a widow, and had one son, who was then out on the Lake trout fishing, whom she expected home very soon. After a brief conversation, I gladly accepted her offer to light me to a room for the night; and with a thankful heart soon plunged into a soft clean bed, where I quietly slept until the morning. Soon after coming from my chamber, I met her son whom I greeted with a "Good morning, sir!" but he seemed bashful, and did not care to

talk with me; though he was quite talkative with his mother. Of course he knew her better than he did the strange minister. We then sat down to breakfast, which consisted of a bountiful supply of fresh fried brook trout, blue-nose potatoes, cream biscuit, boiled eggs and coffee.

I learned by inquiry that she was not a Christian by profession; but I am sure she possessed one of the chief traits of character which Jesus commends, when approving the conduct of whom it is written, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." When I spoke to her upon the subject of salvation, she admitted that religion was a good thing to have, but often feared that she should never enjoy it because of her unworthiness.

Upon leaving those dear friends, I continued my journey eastward, reaching the settlement beyond before noon. I providentially fell in with a gentleman during the last mile of my morning walk, who invited me to his house to dine with his family. I accepted his kind invitation, and enjoyed their hospitality. The family being of Episcopalian predilection did not take favorably to Baptist sentiments, though they treated me very kindly, and sent out a notice for a meeting at their house of worship that night.

A congregation filling the house were present, and listened to my message with apparent interest; and though I was a young man and a stranger both

to the people and to their mode of worship, there seemed to be no adverse criticism. The only thing in the nature of criticism was from an old lady who complained of my rapid speech, saying, "Why do you talk so fast? Nobody can follow you, you talk so rapid." I tried to apologize by saying, "I have not studied the art of slow speech, consequently I am compelled to follow my natural rapid gait, and pour it upon the people like a Niagara, with a dash and splash which will keep the people awake if nothing more." She replied, "You'll keep them awake all right."

That Mission Not Without Fruit.

On the occasion above referred to, before the meeting began, feeling a little shaky in my faith, I retired to the barn to seek help from the Lord in prayer, as I trembled to meet the people on account of my weakness. Supposing that I was all alone in the barn, I poured out my heart's complaint to the Hearer of prayer, and being refreshed in my spirit returned to meet my appointment. Several years after, during a conference meeting at Bear River, one day a gentleman arose and related his experience, which was a great surprise to me. He told how, on the occasion of my visit to his father's house, he was afraid that I might talk to him about his soul's salvation; and to avoid me went to the barn and hid in the haymow. But while he was there I came out and knelt down very near where he was lying and began to pray. He told how that prayer followed and convicted him of sin, and he

became a Christian. Some one had told him that I was to be at the conference at Bear River, and he had "come a long distance to relate his experience, hoping that it might encourage others to nourish their convictions, whatever the means which led to their awakening."

Miscellaneous Mission Labor.

Having accomplished my mission in the various districts to which I had been assigned, I visited Rev. Nathaniel Vidito, Treasurer of the Baptist Home Mission Board, and presented my report, which he honored, paying me sixteen dollars for a full month's work.

Returning to my home in Lower Granville, I found it necessary to man my fishing boat in order to keep the wolf from the door; that being our only resort to supply our family needs. While thus engaged in fishing and doing well, I was notified officially to attend the annual militia drill in Upper Granville, as I had done in previous years; but this call for certain reasons I refused to obey and kept on at my fishing. However, for insubordination I was summoned before the military authorities to give reasons why I did not comply with the law's demand. I gave my reason to the court, which was submitted to the adjutant for further investigation, as I had for religious scruples refused to report at the drill. A fine of forty dollars was imposed upon me, to be paid within six months; but which was never collected.

Attending to the various duties of home work

on the old farm, I spent several months clearing up land, chopping wood, building fences, and making repairs on buildings, all of which was necessary in preparing for winter; meanwhile I held meetings in many places as Sunday supply. There were so many calls, that one need not be idle for lack of opportunity to do good in the Master's vineyard.

Some time in February 1868, having an impression to visit the people in Graywood and Millford, I started out, intending to remain from home four or five weeks, preaching the gospel as the door opened before me. While in transit to my intended destination, I was strangely turned aside in an opposite direction; and crossing the Granville Mountain reached Litchfield in a severe winter blizzard, where I was kindly entertained at the home of Bro. George Litch. That night I had a very peculiar dream, which so deeply impressed me that I told it to Bro. Litch in the morning, and he interpreted the dream to indicate that my work was not in Millford, to which I was intending to go, but in the vicinity where I was visiting. The dream, and the interpretation which he gave, was of such a peculiar character that I became impressed that it might be the will of the Lord that I should remain in the place for a few days at least.

During the forenoon, while we were talking these things over, Bro. Andrew Clark, of Hillsburn, having heard that I was in the neighborhood, came to see if I would not go up to Hillsburn and hold some meetings. After detailing the terrible state of things in the church, I felt that something ought

to be done to unite the flock, and revive the work of God in the community. He told of a quarrel that had been of long standing between the minister and his deacons, and how it had spread among the families until the contention was killing out what little spiritual life there was left in the Church.

The Revival at Hillsburn.

After Bro. Clark had related the object of his call, Bro. Litch repeated my dream, and also the interpretation, which seemed to deepen the conviction that I was the one to go there and break the quarrel, and bring order out of chaos. Bro. Clark thought there was a grand opportunity to do good among the ship carpenters, even if we could not reach the Church members, as there were two ships building, where about seventy-five men were employed; and it was certain that I would not have to speak to empty seats. After praying over the matter, it was decided that an appointment should be sent out for me to speak at the schoolhouse on Sunday, morning, afternoon and evening. At the close of each discourse during the day I gave liberty for testimony, which was improved by several who expressed a desire to see better days. The meetings were continued each night through the week without any visible signs of a break; though there were a few burdened hearts earnestly praying for victory.

As I visited from house to house, I found the old wound still open; the trouble between the minister and the deacons being the bone of contention.

The question how to deal with the trouble, or what course ought to be taken to break up the quarrel seemed not easy to decide, as there were so many sides to be considered. I being a young man and not a regular minister, of course it would not become me to press the question. The plan suggested to me was to get the minister and his deacons together, and have a praying season over the matter. This I suggested to some of the brethren; but they thought there was too much self-justification on the part of either side, to make any concession; hence it might make the matter worse. On Sunday afternoon the pastor was present and assisted in the service, following my discourse with a severe reprimand in relation to the treatment he had received from the people of the church. After the benediction by the pastor, the two deacons being present, it suddenly occurred to me to give the pastor an informal introduction to his deacons, which I found opportunity to do, and the moment the pastor and the deacon came face to face, the latter burst into tears and confessed that the fault was all his, and they begged forgiveness, weeping upon each other's neck. The wife of the minister embraced the wife of one of the deacons tenderly, and wept bitterly while they sought a reconciliation. The scene moved nearly everybody to tears, and soon the old trouble was lost sight of, and a grave found for the church quarrels.

The meeting lasted for more than three hours. Peace was restored, and harmony and good-will laid the foundation for a gracious reformation. Songs

of rejoicing gladdened the hearts and homes of many families in the community. A large number were converted, baptized and united with the church. Thus it was made plain, that the Lord gave me that dream, and enlightened Bro. Litch to understand and interpret it so clearly, that my mission proved a blessing to the church and people.

The Dream.

As some may be curious to know the dream I will gratify their curiosity and relate it, as I remember it. "I thought I had started out from home to engage in some kind of farm work; and after traveling a long distance, I mysteriously found myself in a strange field of newly-cleared land, where the grass and weeds grew rank and tall, and so badly tangled that it required a desperate struggle to make any headway trying to reach an open field. I thought I became weary and sat down upon a log to rest, when I heard children crying, and calling to their mother to help them, as they seemed to be in trouble. Suddenly it grew very dark, and I was very much alarmed, fearing that they were my children and were lost. Being anxious to reach them, I broke down the tall weeds and grass, and climbed over high fences, forcing my way through briers and across deep ditches until I reached a level spot of ground as smooth as if grazed by sheep. Suddenly it became very light, though the sun was not shining. I still heard the children crying, and started in the direction of the sound, but again got terribly tangled in the weeds

and grass, which I discovered were full of roads such as hens would make.

"As I urged my way forward, I thought I came upon innumerable nests of eggs. Then I disrobed, and converting my garments into sacks filled them with the eggs. This new enterprise filled me with delight, and I started for home with a load so heavy that I could scarcely stand under it; when accidentally I stumbled and falling broke every egg in my sack.

"I became disgusted as well as disappointed, and began to throw away the broken eggs. As I did so, to my great amazement, behold, out of every broken egg came a little white lamb. I thought I laughed and shouted for joy at this strange freak of nature, but kept on toward the sound of the crying children, when to my surprise I found the grass full of old sheep lying down; some of them being sick and not able to stand upon their feet; others I found frozen to the ground, which had to be thawed out before they could walk. The crying of the children and the bleating of the sheep and lambs, bewildered me so, I did not know where to go, or what to do. Instantly the sun broke out into midday brightness and, behold, the glory shone all about me. "I awoke from my dream."

Whatever the reader may think or say about this dream, the writer shall ever believe the Lord gave it, and turned the feet of his servant into the path of obedience which proved a great blessing to many.

CHAPTER VII.

TESTING GOD'S PROMISES.

I HAVE learned that in whatsoever condition I was "therewith to be content," though sometimes we passed through bitter trials, days of darkness and of fierce temptations of the enemy, while battling with poverty, and numerous disadvantages which confronted us when toiling for the support of my precious household. I found it convenient sometimes to change the D. into H. and instead of complaining of Disappointment, call it Hisappointment, thereby changing shadow into sunshine, worry into contentment; "as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." I found early in my Christian experience, that "self-denial is the price of Christian liberty," and if I would enjoy fresh blessings I must dispose of the old stock by giving it to others, so the Lord could replenish my store. Daily manna, with occasional quails, was the food upon which Jehovah fed the hosts of Israel in the wilderness, which was to be gathered each morning and eaten while fresh and sweet. The old corn of the land was reserved for Caleb and Joshua after they crossed the Jordan. "Give us this day our daily bread," was the supply

petition of the prayer which Jesus taught his disciples. It is an experimental fact, that prayers, testimonies and sermons are sweeter and richer by far when inspired by the Holy Spirit, and given to the people fresh and warm from a full, loving heart, than a cold, cut-and-dried, theoretical, sentimental rehash of a "forty-year-ago" experience. Logic, grammar and ethics may feed the intellect and please the outward senses, but the spiritual nature demands the true "bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." The old paths, divinely illuminated, are much safer than new ways sought out by the art and device of man.

During those early years of my religious life I never felt like complaining, however hard my lot, when I knew the people appreciated my humble services. On some occasions I was compelled to walk ten or twelve miles on a Sunday morning, hold two services and return home at night, tired but full of joy, believing that I had done my duty without praise or reward from man. Those were days when itinerant preachers were rarely made glad by a friendly gift to supply the needs of his family; hence it was not a mercenary consideration on the part of the missionary to carry the gospel to those who were willing to hear it.

Early in December, 1867, I commenced a series of meetings in the Baptist Church of Digby, with very encouraging prospects, when I received a message from home that one of our children was dangerously sick. I was excused, and immediately

returned home, and found the child very near death. After three days she fell asleep and we laid her in the grave to wait the return of the Life giver. Sweet Hannah Amelia was our fourth daughter, and her death filled our hearts with great sorrow. This was the first broken link in the family chain, causing us to feel anxiously for the "Anchor Hope" which was cast "within the vail." Yes, though it was but a slender link we felt keenly the force of the wave which snapped it asunder. Death is death, touch when, where, and whom it may in the family circle. Do we wonder why the prophet exultantly exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The apostle Paul tells us that "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mission in the Lumber Camp.

A few weeks after the death of our little girl I started away on a mission in the settlements of Graywood and Millford; there I remained for several weeks, holding meetings among the lumbermen, in private houses and at the schoolhouse, where quite a number were hopefully converted, especially of the rougher class. A marked change was noticeable in their conversation and general conduct both in the mill and in the boarding house. Though I was not laboring for the Home Mission Board at that time, yet Pastor Wallace considered my necessities and ordered the Treasurer to remit

to my credit twenty dollars, which I received in due time.

About this time my mind had undergone a change in relation to the origin, nature, and destiny of man, to such an extent that I felt it to be wrong to continue in the service of the Board. Though I had said but little about my change of belief publicly, it leaked out that I was not sound in the Baptist faith, and was preaching heresy, such as the "sleep of the dead" and "final destruction of the wicked." I was kindly interviewed by my pastor concerning the report, and admitted that I was shaky upon the doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul. He cautioned me to be very careful how I listened to the teaching of Second Adventists; and, moreover, if I felt inclined to differ from my brethren on these points, to say nothing about it, as it would do much harm.

Troublous Times.

While I never denied that I had preached some things contrary to the views of the Baptists, I could not in conscience confess that I had preached false doctrine, because I was following the Bible as closely as it was possible for me to do; hence, if I should do any thing else I would sin against light, reason and common sense.

When I read, "For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not any thing, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten," I knew no better than to believe it and proclaim it. Again, "To them who by

patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life." Here was a proposition which baffled my skill to evade, and when I sought for relief I was told that the mystery of the gospel was beyond our comprehension, and what we could not understand we must let alone. I found myself religiously out upon an open sea, as it were, and began to take observation to find my latitude, and to study the old Chart that I might escape the shoals and reach the port in safety. To me it was reasonable to believe that a man would not seek for that which he already possessed. As eternal life is a matter of hope according to the Bible, I rested neither day nor night until I became settled and grounded in the truth. At this point of my experience, I found the theological waters greatly troubled; and of course I was headed off by the denomination, being censured for heresy and apostasy. Feeling the woe upon me to preach the gospel, I continued to go wherever the door opened, and it was not difficult to find places to hold "forth the word of life."

Dark Saturday.

I shall never forget, as long as memory lasts, the horrible darkness and depression that fell upon my soul while brooding over what seemed to be the most unfortunate circumstance of my life. The conflict was frightful, both from a temporal and spiritual standpoint. I was hopelessly committed to the doctrine of conditional immortality, and that neither rewards nor punishment would be adminis-

tered until the final judgment day; while the Church believed and taught that all men have inherent immortality and are rewarded or punished at death, which, from a Bible standpoint, seemed inconsistently untrue and impossible. At this point I was left to decide between my conscientious scruples of what I believed to be true, and what the Church and people would think and say of me.

As that day had been exceedingly dark and stormy without, I found it still darker within until it seemed that my heart would burst with grief. The threat that I would be excommunicated from the Church, and the disgrace resulting therefrom, helped on my mental anguish until I really wanted to die. I certainly lost hope for a time, as the heavens seemed to mock my prayers, and I was left alone.

Just before sunset that evening a young man on horseback rode up to our door and handed me a letter. The writer stated, "that he had met two of my friends at Annapolis that day, and they had sent me a barrel of flour, which I could have by coming with a team to his house on Monday morning." This new development of God's kind providence turned my night into day, and sorrow into joy and gladness. I then felt of a surety the Lord had not forsaken us in our time of greatest need. The prayer of anguish wrung from a bleeding heart was answered, making sure the promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And I could truly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Again,

"Call upon me in the day of trouble: and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

A New Trial.

Having been notified by my pastor that I was expected to meet the Ministerial Board of the Western Baptist Association at Bridgtown on special business, I consented to go with him. He informed me that certain charges had been made to the Board concerning things I had said on several occasions, which the denomination considered heresy, and they desired to know for themselves whether the report was true or otherwise. The day following our arrival at Bridgtown the Ministerial Board met at the home of Deacon Wm. Chipman.

After the usual form of opening the session and considering several items of business, my case was brought before the Board. I was charged with violating the usages of the Baptist Church, by visiting with and preaching to a congregation of Second Adventists, giving countenance to their heresy, by stating that if the saints go to heaven at death, what need is there of a resurrection of the dead, or a future judgment day? Furthermore, I was charged with stating that the wicked would be burnt up root and branch, and utterly destroyed. To each of those charges I pleaded guilty, and attempted to state my reasons for making such statements; but was stopped and silenced by the Board. The chairman saying, that "The doctrine of the immortality of the soul was as old as man; and believed by everybody of common sense."

I was further accused of preaching from an Advent text, Rev. 1: 7, "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him." I inquired if all Christians had not a right to preach from any text in the Bible? "Yes," they said, "but these texts which the Advents use as a hobby we had better not use them in their presence, lest we encourage their delusion." I inquired if I was restricted from believing and preaching from any passage of Scripture, regardless of time or place? The answer came from an old minister, "I should decline to preach from any text which I knew would encourage their heresy." The feeling became so intense against Conditionalism, that I decided to remain no longer in the session. Putting on my coat and hat I said, "Good-bye, brethren, I cannot be fettered in my work by denominational restriction. I must be free."

One of the elderly ministers demanded that I should retract my erroneous belief in the sleep of the dead, "for," said he, "it has been reported on reliable authority, that you believe in the utter unconscious state of the dead, and that neither the righteous nor the wicked will ever know any thing until the resurrection day." This he called "damnable doctrine which ought not to be tolerated even among Pagans."

CHAPTER VIII.

INTENSE FEELING IN THE COMMUNITY.

THE examination by the Ministerial Board proved to be a theological farce. Hence I determined not to be tortured by theological thumb-screws and told them so; this so disturbed certain members of the Board that they said my remark was unbecoming a Christian and deserved censure.

However, the brethren said they would forgive and overlook my mistakes if I would be more careful in the future, avoiding the traps that were being set to catch me. They decided to give me a letter of recommendation to the people where I was going to hold meetings.

I found the spirit of revolution had permeated my whole being, and in spite of my willingness to remain a good Baptist, I involuntarily plunged deeper and deeper into the doctrine of Conditionalism, preaching the second advent of Christ as a physical necessity with greater zeal than I had before. The air was soon filled with rumors that I had broken faith with the Church, and had gone off with the heretics.

The next move in my religious experience was, that a committee of seven brethren, representing

different sections of the Church were appointed to examine me upon the charge of heresy. After stating the object of the meeting, and presenting the charge which the Church preferred against me, I said, "Brethren, I only ask the privilege to answer your charges in Bible language. If this is granted me, I think the trouble will soon come to an end." But the committee refused to listen to my reason which I was prepared to give from a Bible standpoint, and my case was hopelessly lost; and in due time I was suspended from Church communion and fellowship, until such time as I should retract my errors and return to the Church.

My license was also cancelled, and I was turned out in the world as a lost sheep. The writer has never laid any blame to the Church; for, according to the rules of their discipline, I was justly dealt with as a heretic. However, I did not intend to be buried alive, even if I was considered dead by the Church; but gathering myself together I told the people that I had a "message from God, and must be heard."

On March 29th, 1869, I was excommunicated from the Church in Lower Granville, on the charge of insubordination, and for just and proper reasons. On the following morning I attended service at the church and listened to a sermon from the pastor. He incidentally referred to the unhappy event which had disturbed the harmony and peace of the Church. He treated the subject very kindly, far beyond what might be expected under the circumstances.

Why I Did It.

After the service was closed and before the congregation had left the house, I announced that I would speak from the pulpit at 6.30, and tell the public why I was expelled from the Church. To my proposition the pastor strongly objected, telling me that I was an expelled member of the Church, and that my license had been revoked; hence the favor of using his pulpit could not be granted. I insisted that I would preach from the pulpit that evening, and invited all to be present and bring their friends. This announcement stirred the bad blood in the community, and a wrangle ensued which developed the two elements: for and against my occupying the pulpit. I kept my appointment, arriving at the meetinghouse in due season, where I found many people waiting for the opening of the house. A messenger was sent after the key, but returned without it saying, "The deacon utterly refused to give it up." A justice of the peace was interviewed, and after hearing the complaint issued a warrant, and placing it in the hands of an officer ordered the key brought immediately; which was done after much contention with the holder of the key.

The rumor of my expulsion from the Church had spread far and wide; it had the effect of bringing together a large congregation, the greater part of whom knew not for what intent they were present. I was not without my friends and sympathizers (being personally known throughout the township); some of them came a long distance to learn the cause

of the trouble. Strange and wild rumors were floating in the community; some saying one thing, and others something else, it devolved upon me to tell the public what it was all about.

I chose for the base of my defence words recorded in Acts 24: 14, "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets: and have hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." This scripture afforded a broad field for thought, and the Lord gave great liberty in dealing with the subject in relation to the origin, nature and destiny of the human race. The congregation gave profound attention to the discourse that required more than an hour to cover the points under consideration. Even some of my bitterest opposers listened with apparent interest. When I had finished some of the committee, who voted to suspend me from Church membership, said to me, "Had we known the facts in your case we would not have voted against you." One of the committee, who showed a kindly Christian spirit, said to me, "God bless you, Bro. Sederquist. Go on in your well-chosen work, and may prosperity attend your labors in whatever field you may be directed to serve." When I had concluded my address, a dear friend arose and explained my situation saying: "As one born among us we have all known our dear brother from childhood, and believe God has done a won-

derful work for him; and to express our confidence and respect for his integrity and faithfulness, I suggest that we take up a generous collection for the benefit of his family." While this act was wholly unexpected to me, it certainly gave me the assurance that my friends had not deserted "the brother in adversity."

After receiving congratulations from many, for the "Waterloo" — victory gained in defence of the truth — I started for my home singing, as I plodded along in the darkness, the hymn I well remember:

"Some said, I'd soon give o'er, you shall see, you shall see;
Some said, I'd soon give o'er, you shall see;
Some time has past away, since first I learned to pray,
And I love the Lord to-day, bless his name, bless his name;
Yes, I love the Lord to-day bless his name."

When I reached home it was nearly midnight, and I related to my wife the blessed liberty the Lord gave me in defence of the truth. We had come to see alike on Conditionalism, and were rejoicing in the blessed hope of life and immortality through the risen Lord and Saviour. How I love to go back in memory to those days of trial and victory! I know the Lord stood by me, while I stood in defence of his Word. He opened doors through which I could enter and proclaim the gospel of the coming and kingdom of our blessed Lord.

The Blessed Assurance.

During this transition period I did not seem to care what people said or thought of my course. I knew I was walking in the truth and up to the best

light I had. I felt the sweet spirit of tenderness toward those who hated me and said all manner of evil against me. The hope of soon seeing Jesus took from my heart the spirit of revenge and retaliation, and I could love my enemies.

From my childhood I had heard Christian people talk about Jesus coming the second time, and of the great judgment day; but I never could understand the necessity of his personal coming if people were judged and rewarded at death; the good taken to heaven, and the bad sent to hell. When I began to think for myself, I inquired of the minister how he could harmonize such teaching with the Bible doctrine of a literal resurrection of the dead, and a personal presence before the judgment seat of Christ? Were there to be two judgments and two executions upon the same person for the same cause? To my inquiry I never received a satisfactory answer; hence I was forced to investigate the subject, and finally arrived at the Bible declaration that, God "hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

The object of the Saviour's second coming is plainly stated by himself in Matt. 16: 27, "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." This text settled forever in my mind the question of time, place, where and when rewards and punishment shall be

administered. The blessed assurance that pardon, justification, forgiveness of sins, redemption, purification, sanctification, resurrection, glorification, immortality, presentation and life eternal in the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, constitute the chief subjects contained in the "glorious gospel of the blessed God."

The Light Continued to Shine.

As I continued to study the Bible, I discovered that the covenant promise of Jehovah concerning the everlasting inheritance had never been realized by Abraham, or his spiritual seed; hence, if it is ever fulfilled to Abraham he must be raised from the dead, and jointly with the spiritual seed possess the land forever. "For the promise, that he should be the heir of the world, was not to Abraham, or to his seed, through the law, but through the righteousness of faith." "Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace; to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed; not to that only which is of the law, but to that also which is of the faith of Abraham; who is the father of us all." "And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." The more I studied the Bible, the more precious the gospel hope became to me. By comparing the signs of the times with the New Testament portrayal of the last day perils, I became convinced that we were very near the end, and began to lift up my head, knowing that my redemption was near, even at the door. While the doctrine of the second advent of

Christ and the resurrection of the dead were acknowledged by the Church of which I was a member, yet it was treated by many as heresy, and he who proclaimed it, as being deluded and far astray from the paths of Orthodoxy.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR REMOVAL TO LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the adverse circumstances which confronted me in the religious community where I was living, and in the surrounding country because of the change in my religious views, yet I found many true and faithful friends who loved the cause of truth, and were willing to stand by those who were disposed to suffer for it. It was made plain to me that where I had lost one friend I had gained many others, and by their sympathy and prayers I was borne over the rough waves of persecution and slander.

In those days of desertion and bitter trials I was led to believe what the Master said was true, that "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin." I had no reason to believe that my kin had withdrawn their sympathy from me, but became deeply impressed that a change of situation would greatly improve our opportunity for usefulness in the Master's cause.

After asking divine direction from above, it became evident to me that I should seek employment in the United States. Accordingly, on May 24th, 1871, I left my family at Litchfield and started

for Massachusetts, arriving in Lynn on the 27th. I obtained employment the same day of my arrival as a carpenter, and continued to work at the business until September, when I returned to Nova Scotia, sold my possessions, and with my wife and six children arrived in Lynn, Sept. 27th. The eldest of our children was ten years old, and the youngest only two months the day we left our native land to seek a home beneath the "Stars and Stripes."

After settling my family in the city, I obtained employment for the winter as I supposed, and went to work with a light heart to procure the means for their support and comfort. I soon discovered that I was doomed to disappointment, as the foreman of the gang was so profane and vulgar that I refused to work under him and voluntarily picked up my tools and quit. He knew that I was a Christian; consequently he hated me and said every insulting thing possible to stir my anger. I bore it all in silence with patience for several days, and made up my mind that live or die, I would work no longer under him. My employer wanted to know my reason for leaving, as he expected I had engaged with him for the winter. When I told him, he called the foreman, saying, "Ralph, why is it that you cannot treat my men decently? You have driven away twenty men this summer by your abuse." He replied with bitter oaths, and cursed the man for whom he was working. I felt confident that I should not want, after committing my family and all their needs to Him who said

"As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord, shall not want any good thing."

On the following day I started out in search of work, and called at the glue establishment of M. C. Butman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and found him at work. He greeted me kindly, showed me about the premises, explained how glue was made, dried, broken and prepared for market. During our conversation, he inquired if I knew of a carpenter that he could get for a few days to do some work about the factory. I told him I did not know of any one, as I was a stranger and looking for work myself. I inquired what sort of work he wanted done. When he told me I said, "I can do that, or anything else about the factory, after a little practice." He immediately engaged my services, and I went to work the following day. This seemed to me a direct answer to prayer. I saw the hand of the Lord was leading me to the house of my "Master's brethren." I found the work to be not what I should have selected, if I had the choosing; but was willing to take what was offered without complaint, and continued in his employ for six years.

Open Doors.

Soon after this I began to receive calls from Churches to supply their pulpits on Sunday; and through those open doors I found the way to many hearts that were throbbing to receive the "word of life." My lot now being cast among those of "like

precious faith" I received much encouragement from those who had received similar treatment as myself. These new relations were like green spots in the desert.

My first appointment was in the town of Hudson Mass., where I spent several Sundays preaching the "gospel of the kingdom." Soon after I was invited to preach in the town of Stowe, Mass. Next, to East Boston, where I met a small company worshiping in a hall in Central Square. Late in November I received a call from the Church in Biddeford, Me., to spend a Sunday with them. I was received very cordially by the brethen, who engaged my services for one Sunday a month during the winter. Late in February the Church extended me a unanimous call to become their pastor; but on account of severe illness in my family I was compelled to decline the call and remain in Lynn, working at my place of business to meet our current expenses, which we found increasing weekly. During the first three years of my residence in Lynn, I was often taxed to the limit in regard to my family's supply; so many mouths to fill, so many feet to cover, so many bodies to clothe, so many outgoes to meet. But praise the good Lord, all our fears and mountains of doubt were dissipated, and vanished like dew before the morning sun. What we lacked in our weekly salary the Lord made up from other sources; consequently the meal failed not in the barrel, neither did the oil fail from the cruse. Through the goodness of the Lord and the econ-

omy of my prudent wife, the family was made to lie down in green pastures, and feed beside the still waters of contentment, which ever flowed through

"The valley of blessing so sweet."

My First Revival in the United States.

In March 1873, I was invited to visit Clinton, Mass., and preach the gospel of the kingdom to a small congregation worshiping in a hall. I accepted the invitation and was cordially received by the brethren and sisters. At our first meeting a deep impression was made upon many hearts, which was visibly manifested. The interest was such that I was urged to visit them on the following Sunday, which I did, and for several other Sundays — my business being such that I could not leave it through the week, consequently I could not follow up the work. The Lord set his hand to the work and was with the people in power; the work went on and many sinners were gloriously converted.

About the middle of April I had the pleasure of baptizing some seventeen rejoicing believers; several of whom were natives of Nova Scotia. I had not been ordained by the laying on of hands and did not feel clear in my mind in regard to the matter; but through the persuasion of the brethren and the fact that I had been used by the Lord in preaching the gospel by which they were saved, I consented, and obeyed the gospel commission, and buried them in the "likeness of Christ's death."

There being no Church organization of that

denomination in the town, those who were baptized were left with no one to look after them, and were not responsible to any one. The matter of calling a meeting to consider forming a Church organization was duly made, and after several attempts a Church was set in order, which was called "The Advent Christian Church." I visited that Church frequently, and baptized at different times.

The Lord opened the way for my ministry in several new places, where he blest my gift, and gave me souls for my hire. Sometimes when business was slack in the factory, I would go out and engage in special revival work, and became the humble instrument of bringing many to the feet of Jesus. There was a free Church in Portland, Me., where I preached one Sunday a month for two years, and witnessed the power of God among the people; also a free Church in Manchester, N. H., made up of several kinds of religious people, differing in some particular sentiment which they held, excluding them from the fellowship and communion of their former Church.

As I became known to the Advent Christian denomination in New England, my sphere of usefulness began to enlarge; and soon the following Churches were open to me for Sunday supplies: New Bedford, Worcester, Salem, Lynn, Lowell, Portsmouth, Lawrence, Haverhill, East Boston, Branch Chapel, Roxbury, and other places where congregations needed Sunday supplies, or special revival meetings. The Advent Christian Church in Salem, Mass., had disbanded and sold their

house of worship, and for several years the members were scattered among other religious bodies, and were as sheep having no shepherd.

I was interviewed by one of the brethren, who stated that several members of the old Church were desirous of starting a free gospel meeting, and if I would preach for them they would secure a hall as soon as possible. In due time a hall was secured, and I met with them for worship; there being about twenty-five present at the morning service and over fifty at the afternoon meeting, when three persons were gloriously converted. The meetings were continued there for a few weeks, but it became necessary to change to a larger hall, as the congregations were growing weekly, and the spiritual interest deepening. I supplied the pulpit for upwards of three years, two Sundays a month; other preachers filling the desk the rest of the time.

My Ordination.

After becoming acquainted with many of the Advent Christian Churches in New England, having chosen them as the people of my choice, I felt it my duty to unite with them in Conference relation; but as I had not been invited to do so officially, I remained outside the body for nearly three years. Having made the acquaintance of Eld. John G. Hook, of Concord, N. H., I preached to his people at Branch Chapel in Boston, and also in Manchester, N. H. As my field of gospel usefulness was enlarging and frequent demands were

made for official services, such as baptism, administering the Lord's Supper, and officiating at weddings, neither of these duties could I perform properly without ordination. Finally I made my wishes known to Bro. Hook and several other brethren of the Conference, and in due time arrangements were made for an ordination service at Branch Chapel, where on the third day of July 1873, I was regularly ordained to the gospel ministry; there being present to assist in the services, Elds. J. G. Hook, G. A. Brown, Wm. A. Kellaway, and several others who took part in the ordination ceremony.

Revival in New Bedford.

On a certain day in February 1874, I received two letters from Church clerks, and from widely diverging points, inviting me to hold revival meetings with them; both writers naming the same date. Knowing that the Lord could make no mistake in calling a man to fill two pulpits at the same time, I let the matter rest for a few days seeing what might develop, as it seemed too complicated to decide hastily.

At the weekly prayer-meeting I related the incident, when a good brother referring to the matter said, "If it was my case I would not go to either place, but would accept the first call from some other place which would be more likely to be the right one."

A day or two later I received a telegram from New Bedford, Mass., asking me for a Sunday

supply; and if possible to continue through the week in special revival meetings. I immediately conferred with my employer and obtained his leave of absence for an indefinite time. Accordingly I reached New Bedford on Saturday evening and was royally entertained by Christian friends. On Sunday morning I met a congregation which completely filled the chapel and soon discovered that the Holy Spirit was present to quicken the Church into lively service for the Master. Before the close of the first service, two sought and found the Lord and came out rejoicing in their newborn experience.

Eld. M. Batchelder, an old veteran, said, "Bro. Sederquist, the revival got here before you did." I said, "Praise the Lord! There will be less ground for self-exaltation. The glory all belongs to the Lord." At the close of the special meetings there were twenty converts reported for baptism. Bro. Batchelder administered the ordinance and received them into Church membership.

Work of Grace in Manchester, N. H.

Having received an invitation to hold meetings in Granite Hall, Manchester, N. H., I consulted my employer and again started out in the work. The presence of the Spirit was manifest at the beginning of the meetings, and quite a number were gloriously converted. On several occasions the power of the Spirit was displayed in such a wonderful manner, that many in the congregation lost control of their nerves and were bodily prostrated

upon the floor. There were some who scoffed saying, "It was all of the evil one, and we want no part of such a kind of religion, if it is called religion."

During the meeting the writer was assisted by Elds. G. W. Burnham, Joseph Harvey, of Pittsfield, N. H., and other able ministers of the "gospel of the kingdom." Much good was accomplished. To Jehovah be all the glory.

CHAPTER X.

DARK CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS.

THE labor trouble in Lynn during the winter of 1876 caused much suffering among the working classes. The factory, where I earned the bread for the family when not engaged in gospel work, had shut down indefinitely, and I was left with only two dollars in my pocket and no earthly resources to draw from. Sometimes dark clouds would settle down upon us, causing us to cry unto the Lord for special help, which surely came in God's good time, but not till faith was tested to the limit. On one occasion my wife was making over some clothing for the little boys; she told me that she wanted some silk and buttons that she might finish them before Sunday, so they could go to Sunday-school. It was Friday, and I told her that I had but two dollars, which I wanted to use in paying my fare, as I had an appointment in Biddeford on the following Sunday, and dare not use it for what she wanted. When I saw her disappointment I said, "Don't fret, mother. Some way will open to us;" and with a sigh she put away the boys' jackets and attended to other duties.

Feeling sad and much discouraged, during the afternoon I started out for a walk, but having no definite place in view I strolled about aimlessly for awhile. I finally discovered that I was in the neighborhood of an old lady who formerly lived near us. I called at her door and knocked, but received no answer. Looking through the window I saw her asleep in her chair, so did not awaken her.

I turned away from the house and called on a family who lived near by. The woman met me at the door and invited me into the house, saying, as I entered, "Oh, I am so glad to see you! My husband is very sick. Did you know it? He has talked so much about you, and wanted to see you."

When I entered his room he knew me and, reaching out his hand, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Sederquist, I have found the Lord, and he has converted my soul. I did not know that I was so wicked until the Lord showed me my sinful heart; but now I am so happy because he has saved me from my sins."

He had been confined to his bed for many months, with no hope of ever using his feet again. His case was deplorable indeed, depending wholly upon what the neighbors and friends brought in to them. His wife went to the drug store soon after I entered the house, and he told me that she had taken the last nickel with her to buy medicine. I felt an inward desire to give him some financial help, but having only the two dollars I did not feel that I could give it to him.

I knelt at his bedside and offered prayer in his behalf. When I arose from my knees, taking his hand I said, "My friend, I am very sorry for you. I wish I had the means to help you in this time of your need." In an instant an inward voice said, "How much are you sorry? Will you give him all?" "Yes, all I have got." Taking out my pocketbook I gave him the two dollars saying, "It is all I have now. Trust the Lord fully. He will never forsake thee." I bade him good-bye and started for home, but had not gone far when the enemy whispered in my ear, "You have wronged your wife. You would not give her the two dollars this morning when she needed it so much; and now you have given it away. What excuse can you give of your act?"

I sat down upon a rock by the wayside to question my conduct, whether I had done just right in giving away the last dollar. The more I thought upon the subject the worse I felt, until the enemy made me believe that the Lord had nothing to do with the matter; and rising to my feet I cast my burden upon the Lord and the enemy left me.

After I arrived home I told my wife of my wanderings about the city and my call at the home of Mr. Perry, whom I found in a helpless condition, but hopefully converted and happy in the love of Jesus. After the evening meal had been cleared away, my wife said, "I wish I had the buttons and silk for the boys' jackets. I could finish them so they could go to Sunday-school." I replied, "If I had a cent in the world I would get them for you."

"A cent in the world," she ejaculated. "What did you do with the two dollars you had this morning?" I was sorry she asked me the question, but did not evade it. After a moment's hesitation I said, "I gave it to Mr. Perry, the sick man, being prompted to do so." There was a momentary flutter of the heart, a deep sigh, and an embarrassing silence during which I stepped out of the door, saying, "I will return in a few minutes."

I called upon Bro. and Sister A. Fogg and spent a few minutes with them; but there was something troubling me which destroyed my peace, so that I could not enjoy the gospel songs we were trying to sing. When I was leaving the house I told them of my visit with Mr. Perry and of finding him in such a helpless condition; saying, "I suppose that is the cause of my sadness." As I was leaving their house, Bro. Fogg shook my hand and left three dollars in it saying, "God bless you, Bro. Sederquist. If you need money at any time and I have it, I will share it with you." I then told him that I had given my last two dollars to Geo. Perry, the sick man, and felt assured that the Lord had prompted him to give me what he had. When I returned home my wife told me that a friend had called to see me and had left an envelope upon the mantelshelf for me. I opened it and found a five-dollar bill without the donor's name. Thus I had the blessed experience of knowing "That the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." This very unexpected return of my investment in the Lord's treasury furnished the buttons and silk for the boys' gar-

ments, and sufficient means for our home comforts; also enough to reach my appointment in Biddeford on the following Sunday.

Another Experience.

There was a time when I sustained an injury by accident that put me out of commission for several months, unfitting me for any kind of hard work, thus depriving me of the privilege of earning a dollar for the support of my dear family. My limited supply of funds was exhausted, and I began to realize the pressing demands of the family's needs. We had learned not to despise the day of small things. Sometimes the handful of meal in the barrel with God's special blessing would last far beyond our most sanguine expectations; hence we always had enough to "keep the wolf from the door."

After I became strong enough to go out from home and fill appointments, I was invited to preach in Central Hall, East Boston, on the Sabbath. For my services the Church gave me five dollars which I greatly appreciated.

At my wife's request I bought three dollars' worth of cotton cloth, leaving me a balance of one dollar and seventy-five cents after my fare was paid to Lynn. When dinner was over and the children had gone out to play and to school, wife and myself talked over the present outlook and future responsibilities of bringing up a large family in this wicked city. As we were talking and planning how to make and adopt the safest methods

in order to realize our most sanguine expectations the door bell rang. I answered the call, and found a poor woman at the door with a string of baskets on her arm. She imploringly said, "Will you buy a basket, sir?" I carried one to my wife, who thought it poor judgment to buy a basket when we needed the money for things of greater importance. I said nothing farther, but carried the basket back to the woman, when she said, "I have five fatherless children to support, and this is my only means to get bread to feed them." For a moment my heart was compassionately moved, and without a second thought I drew from my pocket more than half of all the money I had in the world, and gave it to her, which she received with tear-filled eyes and a "Thank you, sir." As the woman turned to go away, she threw a basket into the hall.

The look of surprise upon my wife's face was a cutting rebuke to my indiscretion as I entered the room bringing the basket and placing it upon the table. It was evident that she thought I had bought the basket, as I had not told her how I came to own it. For a time I felt the pangs of condemnation, knowing that the act seemed somewhat reprehensible, even though I had done nothing criminal or to be ashamed of. After the silence of a few moments I suggested to my good wife, that "if the amount given to the poor widow came back unsolicited from whatever source, we would take it for granted that my act was prompted by the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

I left the house soon after, saying to my wife,

that "I should not be gone but a little while." During my absence I chanced to call at the stitching-shop of J. C. Baily, where I met several friends who were discussing the subject of the gifts of the Spirit, and their various operations which were then being agitated among the Adventists of Lynn. I listened to the discussion for a while, and not being interested because of the division of opinions expressed among them, I excused myself and left the shop. As I went out the brethren said, "God bless you, Bro. Sederquist."

I had gotten but a short distance from the shop, when I heard my name called; and turning around saw Bro. Baily running toward me saying, "Since you came away from my shop the Lord told me to give you five dollars. Yes, five dollars was the order; so here it is." After receiving the money, I was so deeply impressed that the Lord was in it, that I took him aside and related to him the story concerning the woman and the basket, which caused him to leap for joy. He shouted so loud that he attracted the attention of the people on the street, and they looked with surprise, and wondered what had happened. He exclaimed, "Hallelujah! Now I know that I am the Lord's servant. Praise the Lord for ever and ever."

With my heart full of joy and thanksgiving, I was hastening home to inform my wife of this wonderful intervention of divine favor in our behalf, when I met Bro. M. C. Butman on the street. He very kindly inquired after my health, and also of the family. After exchanging our opinions

upon some Bible topic, we were about to part when he said, "Stop, Bro. Sederquist, I have something for you," and taking out his pocketbook he handed me a five-dollar bill, which he said "Sister Richardson had sent me." His wife had told him to do the same for her, and he added another for himself, making a donation of fifteen dollars; this with the five which Bro. Baily gave me replenished my empty purse, so that I had twenty dollars to show for the one I gave to the poor widow. On my arrival home I had the pleasure of placing the twenty dollars in my wife's hand, explaining how it came, and who the gracious Lord used to supply our needs. A look of genuine surprise gleamed and sparkled in her eyes which moistened with tears of gratitude to our kind heavenly Father for all His mercies manifested in such abundance.

When this affair leaked out among the brethren, some of them came to inquire if the report was true? "Of course it is true," said I. "Why should any one doubt the faithfulness of Jehovah, whose word can never fail? For 'my God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'"

Another Incident.

Once when my family had been stricken with typhoid fever, and we were reduced to the last extremity, I prayed and sought help from the God of mercy until it seemed that the heavens were closed up against my pleading. The doctor had written a prescription, but I had no money to buy

the medicine, and while the sick ones were sleeping, I lay down to rest my tired body upon the lounge for a few minutes, but was aroused by a rap at the window by a man on horseback. I inquired what he wanted. He said, "Mr. Fielding, of Salem, has sent me over with five dollars for you, and wants you to receive it as from the Lord."

Not having been able to fill my appointments for several weeks, I greatly felt the need of help, when the Lord sent a kind friend from Clinton, Mass. I was greatly relieved by this good friend, and was enabled to fill my appointment with the Salem Church. Truly it was a day of glad tidings as the Lord poured showers of grace upon the people and watered the dry and thirsty ground, causing the seed to spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God. Kind friends ministered to our needs as they had opportunity.

A widow lady came to me at the close of the afternoon service and placed a five-dollar bill in my hand; while some one during the intermission before the evening service pinned a five-dollar bill in my Bible, with this motto written on a slip of paper: "The Bible is the Lord's treasury, and whatever his children find therein, they have a right to use it to his glory." I received about the same time a check from Mrs. Dr. Walker, of Worcester, sister of D. L. Moody, for ten dollars, which was gratefully received, and much needed at that time; also from New Bedford, Mass., a generous brother and wife sent me twenty dollars to help me through our hard trial.

I remember preaching from this beautiful passage in Isaiah, at New Bedford: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, . . . I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses."

CHAPTER XI.

REVIVAL IN KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

ON Dec. 31, 1876, I left my home to fill an appointment at the Advent Christian Church of Kennebunk, Me. On reaching my destination late in the afternoon, I was met at the depot by a young man from Somerville, Mass., who had just arrived with the body of his young wife; having brought her for burial to her native town. He requested me to conduct the funeral services on Sunday afternoon at the Advent Chapel. The death of this beautiful young woman cast a deep gloom over the entire village, as she was widely known and universally loved. Our service on Sunday morning was fairly well attended and was exceedingly solemn; sorrow was depicted upon nearly every face in the house, and at the slightest mention of the brevity of human life, both young and old would give way to emotional feelings and weep freely.

At the funeral in the afternoon, kindred and strangers alike thronged the streets, and though large numbers could not gain admittance to the house they lingered outside until the close of the service, in the hope of taking a last look at the beautiful face now cold in death.

The occasion was one of unusual solemnity and was like a voice from the other world. There was a sacred hush upon the people as we tried to speak from the words of the prophet, "Prepare to meet thy God." No doubt many who looked upon that face through tear-dimmed eyes for the last time resolved to lead a better life, and prepare to meet her in a better world than this.

The New Year's festivities were all laid aside, as none had a heart to engage in vain and thoughtless amusements. Public notice had been given that I would begin a series of revival meetings on Sunday evening, which would be continued indefinitely. There could not have been a more opportune occasion to reach and touch the hearts of the people than at that time. I spoke from the text, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." While trying to show that sin was the primary cause of sorrow, misery, pain and death, there was much feeling manifested in the congregation. I next tried to set forth that the only remedy for a world of lost sinners was the gift of God's dear Son, "who gave his life a ransom for all."

As I continued to speak of what Christ was able and willing to do for all who would seek his pardoning love and mercy, the power of conviction caused many to weep. The tide of emotion swept over the congregation to such an extent, that it seemed impossible for me to continue my discourse. As I paused for a moment to wipe away the tears

from my eyes, I was impressed to sing a verse of the hymn,

"Almost persuaded, now to believe,
Almost persuaded Christ to receive;
Seems now some soul to say,
Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."

As I continued to sing a profound silence pervaded the audience until I concluded the last words, "Almost but lost." At this point a gentleman arose from his seat, and facing the congregation said, "Dear friends, you all know me. I have gone as far as I dare in the ways of sin. I want salvation! I have decided to begin a new life." Falling prostrate upon the floor he cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

This unexpected break produced a profound sensation in the audience. After remaining upon his knees for a few minutes, he arose and started toward his wife, and taking her by the hand said, "Come, wife, it is time we began to live a Christian life. I cannot go alone. You must go with me." The scene was pathetic indeed, as nearly all in the house were in tears. After a few moments' delay, the wife broke down and followed her husband to the altar, where they both knelt as earnest seekers for salvation. An invitation was given to any who felt the need of salvation to come forward and join these at the altar. Immediately eight men came forward and gave themselves to the Lord; sought and found peace before they left the house. The

meeting closed at a late hour amid songs of rejoicing and praises to Jehovah for forgiveness of sin, and salvation.

The religious temperature had been at a very low state in all the Churches for a long time, and when the news of the awakening was spread abroad the whole town was stirred, and our house of worship was packed to its utmost capacity, and many had to be turned away for lack of room. The pastor of the Methodist Church with his wife came over from the Port, and during the service he remarked, "That a religious famine was prevailing in his Church, and having heard that there was corn in Egypt, he had brought an empty sack hoping to get a fresh supply." New converts were reported in every meeting through the week. Sectarian lines were forgotten for the time being and the salvation of lost men engaged the attention of almost everyone.

Several of the local pastors were present and assisted in the work of leading lost sinners to the Saviour. The week of prayer was observed by all the Churches in union services, alternating between the Methodist and Baptist houses. A marked change was noticeable in the religious atmosphere in what they called "The over-the-river Churches," even the converts spoke of the coldness and stiffness of the people on the other side of the river.

The revival which started in the Advent Christian Chapel on the west side was merged into a union meeting of the four Churches; viz., Baptist, Methodist, Adventist and Congregationalist. Ar-

rangements were made to hold the meetings in the Congregational house, that being the largest building in the town. The writer shared the privilege of conducting the services, alternating with the pastors during the series of meetings.

Revs. W. H. Mitchell, B. S. Emery, A. A. Robinson were the representatives of the Advent Christian Church. The spirit of harmony and brotherly love, both among the pastors and Christian workers, gave evidence that the Holy Spirit was the dominating element in the meetings. Bro. A. A. Robinson, a promising young man, an eloquent preacher of the gospel of the kingdom, united in the work and was very useful among the men of the shipyards, as he knew nearly all of them. The good work went on until between three and four hundred became seekers for salvation. How many were converted and saved, I never knew. Perhaps no one living can tell; but he who keeps the books and records the names of those that were washed in the blood of the Lamb alone can tell.

How He Was Converted.

There was an old sea captain in the town, the father of Eld. Robinson, who was said to be a very wicked man and exceedingly hard to approach upon the subject of religion. He looked upon Christians as a lot of hypocrites, in whom he had no confidence. This was reported to the writer by one of his intimate friends. One morning I called upon one of his sons who had been recently converted. He said to me, "My father is a wicked old

man; I wish you would call and see him soon. He might insult you, should you say anything to him on the subject of religion." I inquired where he lived, and his son pointed out the house to me. I promised to call when the Spirit prompted me to do so, but naturally shrank from making a definite appointment to visit him.

A few days later I was crossing the bridge at the harbor and saw an elderly man wheeling a heavy load of blocks up the hill. It occurred to me that it might be Captain Robinson, and I started on a quick walk to overtake him. When I came up to him I said, "Good evening, sir. You seem to have a heavy load. Let me help you up the hill."

Just then he set down the wheelbarrow, and before he could catch hold of the handles I stepped in and caught up his load and started up the hill at a rapid pace. He called a halt saying, "Stop there!"

I did so for a moment, but before he came up to me I caught up the load and started for the top of the hill, turning down toward his house. I reached his gate and set down the load and when he came up I said, "Is this your house, sir?"

"Yes, this is my home. How did you know that I lived here?"

"I can guess right sometimes," said I. Then I inquired, "What might your name be, sir?"

"My name is Robinson."

"What, Captain Robinson?"

"Yes, Captain Robinson."

"Why, I know your son Albert. He is a won-

derful preacher. Well, well, I am delighted to meet the father of that beautiful young man. Captain, if I am not presuming, may I ask, Are you a Christian?"

"No," he replied, "I'm not a Christian, neither do I want anything to do with that sort of people."

Changing the conversation I inquired, "How long did you follow the sea?"

"For upwards of forty years," he replied.

"Captain, did you ever go to sea without compass, chart, anchor or cable?"

"Certainly not; any fool would know better than that."

"Say, Captain, what might your age be?"

"I am seventy-three past," he replied.

"Do you feel safe in taking the risk on life's voyage without knowing your destination or what harbor you expect to enter? The gospel hope is compared to an anchor and faith as a cable, the Bible as a chart, the Holy Spirit as a compass, and human life as a voyage. Captain, come out to the meetings; we are having a blessed revival. The Lord is blessing the people and saving sinners."

"No," said the Captain, "I'll promise you nothing."

I started to leave him, but thought I saw him tremble slightly, and turning to him again said, "Captain, please come out to the meetings."

I reported my interview to Bro. Emery, who said, "Bro. Sederquist, you have done more than any other man could have done with Captain Robinson. He has been a hard man to get along with."

A few nights later the Captain came to the meeting, and taking a back seat secreted himself in a dark corner where he remained until near the close of the service. When the invitation was given for any who felt the need of salvation, to manifest it by rising to their feet, to the joy and surprise of all in the house Captain Robinson arose and said, "Friends and neighbors, you all know me to be a great sinner; and this I know also to be true. I have done during my life almost every wicked thing but murder. I have lived out my span of life in sin, and now if God will have mercy upon me, I want to be saved. Pray for me, that I may be converted and become a Christian. I have not had a moment's peace of mind since that man (pointing to me) talked to me the other night. I here and now ask forgiveness of all whom I have in any way wronged, and will make every thing right as far as it lies in my power."

There was scarcely a dry eye in the house while the Captain was relating in brief his decision to begin a new life. Of course those who knew him could more fully understand and appreciate the stand he had taken. The Captain soon came out into liberty, and in the following spring obeyed the Lord in baptism; united with the Church and lived the remainder of his life, a humble, faithful servant of the Lord. He often said, "I cannot undo the wrong I have done; but what time is left to me, I want to do all I can for my heavenly Father."

After leaving Kennebunk, I spent the remainder of the winter in special revival work with several

Churches. At East Boston, I held meetings in Central Hall, with Bro. Benjamin Woodside. The effort was not without fruit, as several were hopefully converted and the little band of believers were greatly strengthened and brought into a perfect harmony.

I held a series of meetings in Salem, Mass., which were not without encouragement. I was invited to assist in a revival in Lawrence, Mass., where a goodly number turned to the Lord, and several who had withdrawn from the Church returned to the brethren, and peace was restored. I also held a series of meetings in Exeter, N. H., when the Church enjoyed a shower of spiritual blessing from the presence of the Lord. At the Sunday afternoon service while I was speaking from the text, "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," the entire congregation was mightily moved in consequence of a lady who gave way to her feelings, and became hysterical on account of the recent death of her child. However, this sudden interruption in the service resulted in the awakening of several young people, who came out on the Lord's side.

CHAPTER XII.

REVIVAL IN PITTSFIELD, N. H.

SOME TIME early in the spring of 1877 I accepted an invitation to hold a series of gospel meetings in the town of Pittsfield, N. H., and on the first Sunday the Lord poured out his Spirit upon the people and there were showers of blessing. It soon became evident that the chapel was too small to accommodate the people who desired to attend the meetings. The town hall was secured, and the meetings were continued for several weeks, when quite a number professed conversion. After the meetings closed I was invited by the Church to supply the pulpit for a number of Sundays.

About the middle of May I was permitted to lead down into the liquid grave quite a number of happy converts; the ordinance being administered in a pond on the outskirts of the town, where a large number of people were assembled to witness the gospel mode of baptism. I took occasion to explain to the people that no other mode of baptism could satisfactorily illustrate the death, burial and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Being planted in the likeness of his death," signifies a growth in the life of the believer. "Born

of water and of the Spirit," implies a new creation by regeneration, which is called "The new man." Immersion the outward sign of an indwelling faith.

There was one lady, a member of the Congregational Church, who witnessed the ordinance, was persuaded that she had not been baptized according to the gospel and inquired if I would immerse her and allow her to remain in the Church of which she was a member. I consented, and immersed her, and she went on her way rejoicing; but soon found that her home should be with those of "like precious faith." Consequently, in due time, she united with the Advent Christian Church. The courage of this dear sister resulted in bringing away from her former Church her husband and his sister, and several others who embraced the truth and united with the Advent Christian Church.

Worcester, Mass.

My next call for special work was with the Church at Worcester, Mass., where I held a ten days' meeting. The people turned out in large numbers, and deep conviction apparently rested upon quite a number. There were certain elements at work in the Church which conspired to offset the good work, and that turned the current of revival influence into the channel of controversy. However, I visited the Church in Worcester during the month of June, and baptized ten converts, some of whom were converted in the meetings referred too.

The Laodicean doctrine, that no more would be

converted before the coming of the Lord, had proved disastrous among the Churches of Adventists. There were several in the Church at Worcester who professed to believe in the definite time argument; but what seemed most strange was, they did not agree among themselves as to the exact time, whether he would come in the fall or in the spring. The contention at times waxed warm, as each party knew that they were right, consequently unkind feelings were manifested, which did much harm to the weak children who could not see the argument on either side.

One brother said to the writer on one occasion, "I'm sure the Lord is coming this year. It is not possible that he can tarry beyond such a date."

I said, "What will you do if he does not come this year?"

"There are no if's or and's in the case. He must come, or the whole thing is a failure."

Well, Christ did not come, consequently his theory was a failure, but not the event.

However wise man may profess to be in Bible knowledge, it amounts to nothing if the chief element of Christianity is lacking. Paul says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

Christ left his Church when he ascended "as a

city set on a hill" and told his disciples to "watch." "And what I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." "Watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is." "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

Revival in Portsmouth, N. H.

During the month of December 1879, I spent most of the time in special revival work in Portsmouth, where a mighty work of grace was in progress. The revival started in the Methodist Church, and spread throughout the city. I was invited to take up the work with the Adventist people, and soon our place of worship was packed at every service, and many became seekers daily and came out on the Lord's side. This certainly was a time of great power, when strong men were stricken down while at their work and were gloriously converted, and came out rejoicing in their new-found hope.

After the special meetings closed, the Church at Portsmouth invited me to preach for them monthly, which I did and sometimes oftener. Those were days of joy and gladness. Everybody seemed filled with love and joy in the Holy Ghost, and at nearly every meeting new ones were found at the altar confessing their sins and seeking pardon. How I love to look back to those times of refreshing which came from the presence of the Lord! When the hills flowed down with milk and honey, and all "the trees of the field clapped their hands for joy."

On Mar. 18, 1880, and in the presence of many hundreds of people, I buried twenty-four happy converts in baptism. At each appointment for several months there were baptisms, until I had buried in the likeness of Christ's death and resurrection between seventy and eighty converts, the greater number of whom united with the Advent Christian Church at Portsmouth.

My Visit to Nova Scotia.

As I had been accustomed to make annual visits to my native country, I found myself at liberty to attend the yearly conference, which was to be held at Bear River, in June 1880. The meetings for the first three days had been lifeless and lacking in spiritual power, and people were inquiring the reason. It was not for me to say, though I felt quite certain as to the cause.

On Sunday morning, when I reached the tabernacle, the place was packed with a congregation patiently waiting for the service to begin. The pastor was there and several other preachers, but no one had been appointed to lead the service. Nobody cared to do so while the pastor of the Church and president of the conference were present, without their permission. Finally Bro. Stephen Woodworth, a young preacher, took the liberty to read a lesson from the Scriptures, which was followed by several earnest prayers and testimonies, that were very comforting, proving an uplift to the conference. I was invited to speak in the afternoon, which I consented to do. The house was packed, and to accommodate the crowd who

were pressing into the building, the side windows were removed, and a large number of men and boys passed through the open windows and sat upon the hillside and listened to the discourse.

I spoke upon the greatness of Christ's power to save to the uttermost all who would come unto him for salvation. As I proceeded to apply the subject in the power and demonstration of the Spirit, a man arose from his seat and cried aloud, "I am a lost sinner, and feel my need of just such a Saviour as you are presenting." I paused for a moment, as everybody seemed filled with surprise; when his wife also arose saying, with tears streaming down her face, "I want to follow Jesus. Pray for me! Oh, pray for me and my husband that we may be saved, and live together with Jesus in his kingdom."

Astonishment seemed depicted upon every face, as almost everybody were in tears. I stepped down from the pulpit and taking them by the hand led them in prayer, while others joined in the service. The Spirit was moving among the people, and many hearts were stirred among the unconverted in a manner not seen for many years.

An early evening service was held especially for the observance of the Lord's Supper, and for a fellowship meeting of the Church which was a time long to be remembered. After the communion service was over a congregation filled the house to the limit. The sermon, given by Eld. J. M. Tozier, pastor of the Church, was timely and instructive, and proved a blessing to the Church.

A Brief Visit to My Old Home.

From Bear River I crossed the Annapolis Basin in a sailboat to my old home in Lower Granville, where I spent my boyhood days. As I recalled the happy hours spent at the old homestead, my heart grew excited with emotion. Before I could restrain my feelings the flood gates gave way, tears blinding my eyes while my heart was pierced with a thousand recollections. Sitting down upon the old wall of the cellar, over which I breathed the first breath of life, I seemed to hear voices like that of my father giving instruction to the boys; of my precious mother's cheerful laugh; and the chorus of a dozen voices talking and singing, as in the days of our childhood, in the home circle around the fireside at night.

I tried to repeat the words of the hymn which has dried the tears from the eyes of many a lonely traveler's face:

> "Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
> Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

I sought in vain the old landmarks which memory still cherished; but alas! the withering hand of time had buried them, with few exceptions, in the grave of oblivion. I lingered in mute silence until the situation became embarrassing, and turning away with a sad heart, I said, "Farewell, farewell, ye scenes of gloom. Probably I shall never look upon thee again." But there was an involuntary something which caused me to turn about for a last lingering look. And still I am looking back in memory as I write these lines, with the thought,

"Can a boy forget his mother?" And to me the answer comes, "Never."

Gospel Tent Meetings.

In March 1881, I attended a prophetic conference at Worcester, Mass., where I met Rev. H. A. King, of Springfield, Mass. He was about to resign his charge of the Advent Christian Church there, and engage in mission work for the State Conference. He very kindly inquired after my business situation, of my future engagements, and whether or not I could join him in State mission work. He informed me that he had ordered a new tent which would be put in the field about the first of June. When I told him about how much salary I would need to keep my family, he said, "Oh, that will be all right. We can fix that all right." After thinking the subject over carefully, making it a matter of special prayer, the way opened before me without a single effort on my part; and I entered the field about the second week in June.

Bro. King pitched the Gospel Tent first at Charlton, Mass., where we labored together for two weeks, when he was called away to Springfield and did not return again to Charlton. Arrangements having been made to hold a meeting in the town of Spencer, I received orders from Bro. King to move the tent immediately, and he would join me the first week in July. I obeyed orders and shipped the tent to the place designated, where we pitched it in good faith. It was evident from the start that we were not welcome in the town, as religious teachers. The notice of our meetings

were well circulated, giving all an opportunity to hear the good news of the kingdom. We found but two persons who gave us the least encouragement. All sorts of rumors were being circulated about us; that we were wicked men and infidels, and we were there for no good.

When it was known that we were Second Adventists, the clergy, faithful to their prejudice, warned their people to give us no quarters whatever, but stay away from the meetings and treat us with absolute contempt. They stated, we were told, that to show us no sympathy would be the surest and quickest way of getting rid of a nuisance. Comparatively few of the better class were present at the meetings, but we were treated to a large class of the baser sort.

Hard Trials.

I was left as preacher, singer, tent master and care taker, after Bro. King left me, which subjected me to sore trials. The chorister of the Methodist Church learning that I was left alone came to my relief, bringing with him several good singers, who rendered excellent service.

As I lay in my hammock one day in the tent, I overheard some one say, as a group of men passed the tent: "This thing is a nuisance in the town, and to-night we intend to pitch it down the hill and clean out the whole business. You'll see if we don't."

I made up my mind if the crowd attacked me I would give them a warm reception; consequently

I prepared for the battle, though I knew not the order of the assault. Our meeting was appointed for eight o'clock. At that hour I passed out our hymn books to the congregation, who joined us in songs of joy and gladness. Soon after I began my discourse I saw in the lamplight a gleam of a knife in the hand of one of the invaders, and knew at once what it meant, having heard the threat during the day. I kept on until I was satisfied that the crowd had come to carry out their plan. I asked the chorister to sing, as I caught up my cudgel and ran out among the boys saying:

"Boys, what are you doing here?" Receiving no answer, I said, in a kindly voice, "Boys, I want you to go away from this tent. Leave the ground immediately! I have paid for the use of this ground and do not mean to be molested. I give you fair warning to leave this tent immediately, or I will not be responsible for what happens to any of the crowd."

I saw that they were not inclined to obey my orders, hence I made a rush with my big stick among the crowd, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I had cleared the grounds completely of the gang of hoodlums, and returned to my improvised pulpit as cool as though nothing had occurred to annoy my peace.

Feeling somewhat insecure in the midst of such an element, I decided to make my sojourn brief in this modern Sodom. As neither police protection nor common civility could be expected from any source in the town of Spencer, I decided to pull up

stakes and leave for parts more congenial for the message of salvation.

After the meeting closed that night, I prepared for self-defence in case of emergency, by piling a barricade of chairs around my hammock, where I lay down to rest for the night. Some time after midnight I heard voices outside the tent, and could see the forms of several persons through the curtain. Finally they crept in and were peering around to locate the preacher, who kept very quiet until they came within a few feet of my barricade, when at a suitable time I made a leap from my hiding place with a yell which nearly frightened myself. I tumbled over chairs, upset the lantern and went sprawling headforemost on the ground; but gathering myself up sprang forward to deal the intruders a broadside from my oak cudgel, at the same time keeping up the most unearthly yells that have been heard since the Indians were driven out of Massachusetts. Before I could reach the intruders, they had made good their escape, having cut a slit in the curtain and leaped out in the darkness.

After daylight a Mr. Grant came over to the tent to see what had befallen me, supposing that I had fallen into the hands of hoodlums. My loud yelling had awakened him and his wife from a sound sleep. When I told him the story he laughed heartily, and invited me to breakfast. During the day I secured help, struck the tent and shipped it to another station in Massachusetts, which ended my tent work for that summer.

CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

HAVING given up my place in the factory where I had so long earned the bread for my family, when not employed in the mission field, I found it not an easy thing to give up all secular business and go wholly dependent upon the revenue of my ministry. This new departure from accustomed habits proved a blessing, as I was thrown wholly upon the trial of simple faith in the promises of God; whereas, in former years when outside means failed, I could resort to manual labor to meet the necessities of life.

I visited the Springfield Camp-meeting in August of that year and found myself in destitute circumstances, not knowing what I should do for means to relieve our present needs. One night I slept upon the cold damp ground under the Massachusetts mission tent, and when I arose in the morning stiff, sore, cold and homesick I cried unto the Lord saying, "O Lord, is this the best you can do for me? Is this a sample of what I am to experience in giving up all secular business for the cause of truth?"

I felt so discouraged and homesick that I thought of going home and seeking employment, as I could not see any opening before me. I told a brother of my circumstances and he said, "Don't go home, my brother. The Lord will provide. He has promised that you shall not want any good thing."

As I crossed the campground that morning while going to breakfast, one of the Camp-meeting Committee handed me a free ticket for my meals during the meeting. The committee also appointed me to take charge of the evening meetings under the mission tent, with the promise that my expences would be paid by the committee.

This unexpected opening for service and support gave me new courage, and I began to sing as never before:

> "How can I sink with such a prop,
> Who bears the world, and all things up."

During the morning I met, for the first time, a lady from Greenbush, N. Y., who said to me, "Bro. Sederquist, I feel that I ought to give you five dollars. The Lord has told me to do so." She handed me a five-dollar gold piece, saying, "May the Lord bless thee, and make thee a blessings to many, is my prayer." The gift was a blessing to me; but her words were more precious than gold. The gold lasted for a few days only, but her blessing has lasted twenty-seven years. Hallelujah!

At the "love feast" before the stand at nine o'clock that morning, I was filled with the Holy Spirit, and broke out shouting and praising the

Lord. Being filled with thanksgiving I began to sing:

"How can I sink with such a prop,
Who bears the world, and all things up."

This chorus was taken up by the whole congregation, who sang it over and over again until the grove echoed and resounded at nearly every social meeting with that chorus. Everybody seemed to catch the influence of it, and wherever you might chance to go you would hear some one singing the hymn.

Soon after the close of the camp-meeting I received a unanimous call to become the pastor of the Church at Springfield, Mass. This unexpected voice brought me into a new trial, as I never believed that I possessed the qualifications necessary for pastoral work. For several weeks I prayed and struggled over the matter, but could get no light sufficient to encourage a decision. Every time I came near the deciding point, I seemed to hear the solemn words ringing in my ears: "Do thou the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry." Over and over again would this text ring in my ears, "Do thou the work of an evangelist. Go ye into all the world, and preach," seemed of greater importance than settling down over a small congregation to which I would be confined for months or may be years. After weeks of praying and struggling with doubts, and fears of making a mistake, I decided to accept the call, and in due time moved my family and settled down to the work. We were received with open arms and

liberal hands by the Church people and made to feel much at home with Father's family.

We had been there but a little while when I felt my liberty increasing in the pulpit and among the people, as I visited with them from time to time, in their homes and in the prayer-meetings. They all seemed willing and ready to co-operate in the work of winning souls for the kingdom. I began my pastoral work with the Church Oct. 9, 1881, and had two baptisms before the old year went out.

On Jan. 15, 1882, which was Sunday, the Springfield "Praying Band," and "Gospel Workers' Praying Band" were invited to unite with our Church for an all-day service. At the morning service a large congregation was present. Great harmony characterized the meeting, which was attended with unusual power and swept like a wave of glory over the people, causing many to cry aloud for mercy, while many of the Church members were upon their knees seeking the filling of the Holy Spirit.

People talked in that meeting who never talked before, in language so sublime, that the more conservative of the congregation were filled with wonder and surprise. Upwards of thirty were converted, and many others were under deep conviction, who either went back, or united with some other Church. During my pastorate in Springfield, I baptized over fifty believers and received upwards of seventy into Church membership. Leaving Springfield on account of sickness we moved to Salem, Mass., where we remained

over four years. Three and a half years of that time I served as pastor of the Advent Christian Church, and enjoyed much liberty in the gospel while trying to feed the flock of God, over whom I was called to take the watch care. The Lord blessed our labors with some fruit, which we trust will endure unto eternal life.

A Sudden Impulse.

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 23, 1886, I was suddenly impressed to tender the Church my resignation that evening, and though I struggled hard against the impression, yet I could not throw it off. After going home I prayed over the matter seriously, but the impression deepened until I became convinced that it was the Spirit's voice calling me away to some other field of usefulness. Consequently I wrote my letter and presented it to the committee that same evening. It was evident that my action was not received with much grace. After a brief consultation of the Church officials the chairman of the Board notified me that the committee would meet me at my home on the following afternoon and talk the matter over, with the hope that I might reconsider my hasty act and be persuaded to continue with them during the remainder of the year.

Accordingly, the Board came to visit me and inquired the reason of my hasty act in leaving them on such short notice? They further inquired if I had another Church in view. I told them that I had nothing in sight which prompted my act, but

felt that the Lord impressed me to do so; that being the only reason I could give them. While we were kindly talking the matter over, I said, "Brethren, do not talk any more about this, let us leave it with the Lord; and if he wants me to stay here, he will make it clear to us all." Just then a letter was thrown into the hall, which I opened immediately and read to the committee as follows:

Dear Bro. Sederquist: At the close of our meeting last night, the attention of the Church was called to the subject of holding a series of revival meetings in the Boston Church as soon as we could secure an evangelist. The question, Who shall we call to labor with us was discussed. Several preachers were named, but no one seemed to agree upon any of the names presented, until Bro. E. A. Stockman proposed your name, which was unanimously accepted. And now, dear brother, if you are at liberty to come and help us in the work, we desire you to commence as soon as possible. We wait an early reply.

"Your Bro. in Christ.

"J. E. HUDSON, for the Com."

When I had finished reading the letter to the brethren, they said, "Well, Bro. Sederquist, we have not a word to say. If that is the Lord's will, all we can say is, 'Thy will be done.'"

I immediately visited the Church in Boston, and arrangements were made to begin the work on the first Monday night in March. It soon became evident that I had made no mistake whatever in following my convictions and making the change. On the third night of the meetings there was a break, and several unconverted persons came to the altar as seekers, and with them a number of backsliders confessing their heart wanderings, and

returned unto the Lord. The revival continued for six or seven weeks, when many professed faith in Christ as their personal Saviour. It was thought best by the Church to continue my services with them indefinitely, as my gift had proved beneficial to their spiritual interest in building them up in the faith. There was quite a number united with the Church, both by baptism and by letter. Of the number baptized I have no record, but I think it was not less than forty.

I attended the Springfield, Alton Bay and Green, R. I., Camp-meetings during the month of August, supplying the pulpit, or preaching in the Boston Church until the first of September. When it was made plain to me that my work was done in Boston, I asked the Church to relieve me from further responsibility as acting pastor. After some discussion over the matter, a vote was taken to give me a letter of recommendation to the Churches at large as a suitable person to serve the Church as pastor or evangelist.

After the action taken by the Church a good brother came to me and said, "Bro. Sederquist, I fear you have made a great mistake in leaving Boston. We can give you more money for your support if you need it."

I said, "It is not money I am seeking, but obedience to God, as far as I know myself. If you should offer me this hall full of gold and I knew that the Lord did not want me to stay here, it would be no temptation. I hear the Voice calling me away from Boston."

"Where are you going?" some one inquired.

"I do not know to-night where I am going, but the Lord will make the duty plain to me, when and where he wants my service."

This change occurred on Thursday night, and before Saturday night I received a special call from Campville, Conn., to hold a series of gospel meetings in that place. Bro. Alex. Elliot, the pastor of a small Church in a country district, had written me an urgent call to assist him in a series of special meetings. Feeling sure that the Lord was in the call I immediately accepted and informed him of my decision. I closed my engagement with the Boston Church on Sunday, and felt the spirit of unusual liberty burning in my heart, urging me on to the mission field.

In due time I reached Bristol, Conn., where Bro. Elliot met me with his team and drove me to Campville. After reaching his home the spirit of great peace rested upon my soul in mighty power, and I could not restrain myself from shouting and praising God, who had led me to the house of my "Master's brethren." On Sunday morning I was delighted to find the chapel filled with an intelligent congregation, who had come from different sections of the country.

The Lord gave me much liberty in presenting the message which was received with profit. In the afternoon the house was so packed that many had to remain outside, sitting in their carriages or standing about the building until the close of the service.

An incident occurred during the afternoon service which impressed me deeply. There were two young people sitting directly in front and very near the pulpit. The husband held in his lap a beautiful child, perhaps fifteen months old, sweetly sleeping with its head resting upon its father's arm, while he gazed lovingly into the beautiful face. I tried to picture the love of God in caring for his children, while they were often unmindful of his loving care. How he watches over them, and provides for their needs; delivering them in time of danger, and pitying them when they stray.

As I sought to make an application, I quoted the passage from Psa. 103: 13, 14, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." It seemed that every eye which could see the picture was turned toward them. I noticed the tears silently coursing down the manly face of that father and the cheeks of that young mother were wet, as they gazed upon the face of their sleeping beauty. The incident had a softening effect, and tears filled the eyes of many in the congregation. When I spoke apologetically to the young couple after the service, they thanked me for the notice I had taken of them, but especially of their precious little girl.

The meetings were continued for ten nights, with frequent seekers at the altar, both of backsliders and unconverted persons. There was a professed infidel in the place who was opposed to religion, nevertheless he came out to several of the

meetings, and seemed quite interested. The neighbors wondered at his presence at the chapel and remarked, "Why, did you ever see Mr. Johnson interested in religious meetings before?"

I called at his place of business one day in company with Bro. Elliot. He received me kindly and after a short interview sent me into the house to visit his wife and daughters, saying, "They like ministers to call upon them, and they want to be good." He placed a ten-dollar bill into Bro. Elliot's hand saying, "While I do not believe his theory, yet I rather like him because he tells a whole lot of truth."

The last night of the meetings I took an expression from those who had been converted and reclaimed, and found upwards of thirty that stood up and gave testimony of what the Lord had done for them during the revival. When Bro. Elliot invited me to assist him in the work at his Church, he informed me that they were poor people, and could not promise me more than my traveling expenses. As he and his son had promised to pay that, he left it with me to say whether I would come under the circumstances. I felt certain if the Lord had prompted the call to Campville, he would take care of my needs. Consequently, when the battle was over and the spoils were counted, my share amounted to fifty-nine dollars. The whole amount was given by individual liberality without solicitation, as not one collection was taken up during the meetings. For this generous gift of the people we thanked God, and took courage.

Returning to Salem, I rested a few days before going to Haverhill, Mass., to fill an appointment with the Advent Christian Church, where special meetings were continued for nearly four weeks. Several were hopefully converted, the Church spiritually revived and the congregation greatly increased in numbers. Early in December came a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Haverhill Church, which I accepted, and in due time moved my family there and began my official labors with the society. I remained with the Church one year and seven months; during that time over forty were baptized, and many united with the Church, both by profession and letter.

Revival in Lynn.

About the middle of March, 1887, I accepted an invitation to visit the Lynn Church as a supply, commencing on Tuesday night, and through the remainder of the week, and over Sunday. In our first week-night meeting it was evident that the Holy Spirit was moving the brethren to aggressive work; about fifty taking part in the service, both in prayer and testimony. There was a deep conviction among the older members that the Church was to experience a work of grace at no distant day. For the following night I had prepared a special subject upon the "Methods of Effectual Work for Lost Men."

When I entered the chapel and saw who were present, the subject faded from my mind, and I decided not to preach upon that topic; conse-

quently I called upon the brethren to pray, and considerable time was spent in earnest supplication to God for salvation. Instead of going into the pulpit to conduct the service I decided to stand upon the floor and read a lesson from the Bible. Opening to the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, I read, beginning with the 35th verse, "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. . . . All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

While reading the lesson and making some passing remarks, I was led to relate a dream which I had several nights previous, and while doing so I unconsciously moved down the aisle of the Church until I came near the seat of a certain young man, upon whom my gaze was fixed. Turning to him I said, "You remind me of the lamb I saw in my dream."

In a moment he cried out, "I am that stray lamb. I want salvation!" He immediately arose from his seat and without solicitation came to the altar and threw himself down in great agony of soul and wept aloud while pleading with God to pardon his transgressions.

This sudden and unexpected move influenced the whole house, and in a few moments he was joined by more than a score of earnest seekers, at the feet of Sovereign Mercy, while their eyes were filled with penitential tears. Within a very short

time there were over forty upon their knees, and some upon their faces, pleading for mercy. The entire congregation was affected by the wonderful power of the Holy Spirit. Seekers remained upon their knees at the altar for a long time, the most of them until they had obtained witness that they were accepted and pardoned. The meeting continued until midnight, and even then no one seemed anxious to leave the place.

The report of the awakening at the Liberty Street Church spread broadcast throughout the city, and people packed the place to see what the Adventists were doing, and found them filled with the Holy Spirit and "praising God for his wonderful works to the children of men." Scarcely any who came to the meetings went away as they came. They were either converted, or under deep conviction.

The Sunday previous to my visiting Lynn, Bro. A. W. Sibley was the preacher at the Advent Christian Church. He informed me later, that the Church was in a deplorably low state, and said he "feared that the conditions were such that the prospect of a revival was indeed very remote. At our morning services," he said, "there were about forty present, and in the evening there were about twenty-five."

In reply to his statement I said, "Well, Bro. Sibley, I am going to Lynn if the Lord so permits. The state of the Church cannot be much worse anyway, and as I am having an easy time in Haverhill, perhaps I need a good hard brush to stir

me up, and make me a better worker for the Master."

Why I refer to this incident is, because people are wont to attribute such marked changes in religious awakenings to some great or popular preacher, whose fame has spread far and wide; but in this case there was neither great nor small preacher to whom the work could be attributed, for there had not been a single sermon preached in connection with the work before the power fell upon the people. But there had been a season of earnest praying and pleading with God for an old-time reformation. The power came down, and salvation's waters ran deep and clear, washing, cleansing and purifying the souls of lost sinners. To his name be all the glory. It cannot be doubted, that God heard and answered prayer in behalf of the little Church in Lynn, and greatly revived the membership; also many were added to their numbers by baptism, and a host of backsliders were reclaimed and brought back to their first love.

After the ten days' meetings in Lynn, I returned to my charge in Haverhill. The good work was going forward, the services were well attended, both on the Sabbath, and at the weekly prayer-meetings. There was a faithful band of Spirit-filled brethern and sisters, who had believed for the filling of the Spirit, and obtained it. There were not a few, however, in the Church who did not apprehend the necessity of being constantly filled, claiming that they received all at their conversion.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASTORATE IN LYNN.

SOME time near the last of April I received a call from the Advent Christian Church of Lynn, which I prayerfully considered until I became satisfied that my labors were needed to encourage the converts, and help build up the Church. I accepted the call, and immediately notified the Church in Haverhill, though not favorably received at first, but after duly considering the object of the change, they kindly accepted my resignation and I closed my labors in Haverhill on the third Sunday in May.

Being satisfied that Lynn afforded a large field for evangelistic work, I removed my family to our adopted city, having previously spent ten years there after leaving our native country, Nova Scotia. I remained nearly five years with the Lynn Church, dividing my time between pastoral and evangelistic work. My pastorate with the Lynn Church was one of the most blessed and happy experiences of my ministry, because of the unity and good feeling which characterized our associations; whether in Church or mission labors Christian harmony and peace prevailed. We witnessed the conversion of

many whom we buried in the likeness of Christ's death; and though many have turned away from the truth and made shipwreck of their faith, there are some living who are still fighting the good fight of faith, and laying hold on eternal life.

During my residence in Lynn, first and last, I baptized in Flax Pond one hundred and ninety-seven believers; some of them remain unto the present, but many of them have fallen asleep in Jesus, and are waiting the call of the heavenly Bridegroom to receive the crown of immortal glory. I frequently look back with pleasure to those days of Christian fellowship spent in the old chapel on Liberty Street, where so many were blessed and made happy in the love of Jesus. Peace spread her wings about the household of faith, and love bound together the hearts of all, whether of Church membership or of the stranger within our gates.

Most of the fathers of our faith have fallen asleep, and strangers fill their places, if filled at all; but the gospel train still moves onward to the country where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity."

I Left Pastoral Work for the Mission Field.

On Sept. 4, 1893, feeling confident that my work with the Church in Lynn was done, at least, for the present, I, in a quiet way, asked the Church to relieve me of further pastoral care of the flock, over which I had watched for nearly five years. My

only reason for so doing was to open the door, that without hindrance they might secure another who could fill the place to better advantage and give to the Church a greater spiritual blessing than it was possible for me to render.

The congregation on that day was larger than any I had seen there for months, and a deep feeling was manifested throughout the service. The sermon was followed by the commemoration of the Lord's death, which was deeply impressive and solemn. At the close of the communion I stated that I had a little matter of business to bring before them which, though not of the most pleasing character, was to my mind of much importance to them, as well as to myself. I then stated that it would be my last service with them as their pastor, as I had fully decided to close my relations with them at once. I seemed to hear constantly ringing in my ears the text, "Do thou the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry." Though the sudden announcement of my resignation caused a little inquiry as to the cause, there was no unpleasantness following it. At the business meeting, which was called to take action upon my resignation, all seemed to be in perfect harmony, and we parted in bonds of love. I immediately turned my attention to the mission field, especially among the poor and discouraged Churches, and found many open doors and warm hearts, where I was welcomed to break to them the bread of life.

My first call to the mission field was from Bristol County, Mass., where I spent two Sundays

with the Church at New Bedford, and visited several small Churches during the week; viz., Mattapoisett, Plainville, Westport and Fall River. In each of these places I found warm-hearted believers who loved the truth. Though their numbers were few, they were struggling hard to maintain an organized existence. I had preached in these places in previous years, when large numbers would turn out to listen to the gospel message of salvation; but death, removals, and departure from the faith, had left the faithful few to mourn over the desolation of their Zion.

My next call was from the little Church at West Epping, N. H., where the Lord gave us some mercy drops which were expanded into showers of blessing. Several sinners were converted and came out on the Lord's side, rejoicing in their new-found hope of life and immortality.

One man was under such deep conviction that he walked for miles in the woods alone, rather than return to the house when I was present. He managed to get away early in the morning before I arose saying, "I do not want to see that fellow; he's got too much religion." The meetings proved a great blessing to many families in the community. To God be all the glory.

My Mission in Chicago, Ill.

On my return home from Epping, N. H., I found a letter from a Mr. Billings, of Chicago, inviting me to hold a series of gospel meetings in that city. Arranging matters at home I soon left for my new

field in the West. Arriving at my destination, I was met by friends who had made provisions for my entertainment during my stay in the city. The Green Street Tabernacle had been closed for a long time, it being the property of a wealthy banker who gave the use of the building to the Advent Christian Church while it worshiped there. I found a few honest brethren and sisters who were ready to take hold of the work, and see what could be done in the old tabernacle. Bro. A. E. Bloom, a young minister who was thoroughly alive in the Master's service, together with Bro. Marlin Baker, his good wife and several other faithful Christian workers, were praying for refreshing showers of blessing to fall upon us and revive the lovers of the blessed hope. There had been a regular Church organization in previous years which supported several pastors of the Advent Christian denomination, but dissensions and intolerance had eaten out the soul and spiritual life of the Church, and its members were scattered about the city.

At the first meeting of our mission there were but two persons present besides myself. The outlook was anything but encouraging at the beginning, but gradually increased in numbers, interest, and power until the place was filled with a congregation representing almost every grade in society. Of course, as this was strictly a mission, without official backing or financial support, it required much time and patience to get acquainted with the work. Of all places where demoralized human nature might be seen, Chicago excels, or did in

that Mission on Green Street. I think I found more genuine cranks, fanatics, beggars, and mission bloodsuckers in Chicago in six weeks, than I had met during my entire lifetime; that is, to know them as such.

I continued with the mission workers for more than six weeks, holding meetings every night and three times on Sunday. Nearly every night there was some one at the altar as seekers. Some presented themselves as seekers for what pecuniary benefits they could obtain, instead of the salvation of their souls; this fact being demonstrated on several occasions. How many were converted during the meetings no living man could tell, but He who keeps the books knows how many he recorded.

Sermon to the Infidel Association.

By special arrangement I had the pleasure of preaching before the Infidel Association of Free Thought. The congregation numbered about four hundred, mostly people of culture and wealth. My subject was "What is Christianity from a Bible Standpoint?" There were none present, as far as I could see, who showed any displeasure during my discourse, though I made some strong statements when challenging the opponents of the Bible to contradict the proofs of Christ's divinity, which time and experience had established beyond controversy.

A band of gospel singers accompanied me to the auditorium where the meeting was held, and

rendered fine selections adapted to the subject. The closing one being:

> "Joy to the world, the Lord will come;
> Let earth receive her King."

After I had finished my discourse I was greeted with a vociferous demonstration and excessive clapping which added nothing to my joy, or to the praise of our adorable Redeemer.

As we were passing out of the hall I met and was introduced to Prof. Cheeney, who was engaged to review the subject I had presented. He said, "I suppose you think your stronghold is impregnable? No doubt you have given the best evidence in your possession as proof of Jesus being the Son of God; but if you will remain and listen to me, I will show you (if there was ever such a being as Jesus of Nazareth, which I do not believe) that he was an illegitimate, and one of the worst deceivers that ever lived." He said, "I challenge you to remain and hear my lecture."

In reply to the challenge I said, "When I was a boy upon my father's old farm 'way down East,' when duty called me to a certain locality at the close of day, my father would frequently say, 'My boy, beware of skunks.'"

"Do you call me a skunk?"

"No, sir; I do not call you a skunk. I am only repeating my father's warning, which I have tried to observe, thus shunning the possibility of coming in contact with that which leaves a foul odor."

When he called me a coward because I refused

to hear what he said "was the other side of the question," I told him, "From a Bible standpoint" there was no "other side of the question."

A big crowd gathered around to listen to our conversation, and laughed heartily when I referred to my father's advice, "To beware of skunks." Some one said, "Why don't you remain and hear the professor's lecture?"

In reply I said, "I have no objection to listen to a gentleman discourse upon any subject, even if I believe his premises wrong, if he is honest and decent in his remarks; but when he uses scurrilous epithets, and vulgar expressions I have no use for such a person."

Call to Somerville, Mass.

Returning from Chicago, I received a call from the Church in Somerville, which I carefully considered and accepted in due time. I began my pastoral work with the Church on the first Sunday in Jan. 1894. On that occasion I preached from the text, "Where art thou?" (Gen. 3: 9.) At the close of the afternoon service a young man gave his heart to the Lord, and at the evening service a young woman sought and found the Saviour and came out into liberty.

That was a day of gladness in the Church at Somerville; it being the first day of the year, the first day of the month, the first day of the week, and the first day of my official work with the Church. The Church was spiritually united and worked in blessed harmony, which resulted in

quite a number of conversions. During the six months of that year, while I labored with the Church I baptized twenty-one believers, and I think nearly all of them united with the Church. My pastoral relations with the Somerville people was of short duration, lasting only from the first of January to the sixteenth day of July.

Bro. G. F. Haines and myself visited the Nova Scotia annual Advent Christian Conference at Bear River in June, and found the local Church in a very low and exhausted condition. We talked the matter over between ourselves, and decided that unless something was done to unite the brethren, the cause would soon become a lost cause in that place. I prayed over the matter until a burden was laid upon my heart so heavily that I could not rest day or night. Finally I requested the Church in Somerville to release me from further service as their pastor and let me go to Nova Scotia, which they reluctantly did; and I immediately made ready and started for the scene of my encounter.

Though I knew something of the unpleasantness I should meet with in my efforts to effect a reconciliation and restore harmony, I felt no dread whatever, but rather a delight if I might be a means of uniting those brethren whom I had loved in the Lord. I had made some sacrifice to this end, even giving up my pastorate for this one object. I failed, however, to see what I so ardently hoped for through my personal efforts. This brought me into great trial for a while, thinking

perhaps the Lord had nothing whatever to do with the whole affair. But out of the temptation the Lord delivered me, and I was made to see that I had done my duty in making the sacrifice and had thrown the whole affair upon those who were responsible for the trouble, and now I must leave it with the Lord to deal with them.

Returning to my home from Nova Scotia I attended several camp-meetings during the fall, and painted a historic-prophetic chart called "The Stream of Time," by which I might illustrate our proximity to the consummation of all things.

Sandy Hill, N. Y.

About the middle of November 1894, I received an invitation to assist Bro. F. S. Stanton, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., in a series of gospel meetings, where we enjoyed a spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord. There was quite a number who sought the Lord for the first time and obtained witness of pardon of sins, and peace in believing. At some of the meetings the power of the Holy Ghost fell upon the people, which stirred them mightily; several, losing their strength, laid prostrate upon the floor, apparently unconscious for some time.

There were some, however, who did not take kindly to such demonstrations, calling it fanaticism or wildfire. Bro. and Sister Stowell, of the "Friends Society," Glen Falls, N. Y., assisted in the meetings and aided us not a little in leading sinners to Christ, besides helping backsliders back to their

former love. We found the Church in a receptive mood and ready for work, though some of them did not accept the doctrine of entire consecration as a necessity.

The reason on the part of those who ignored sanctification was easily apparent: because they could not attend euchre, whist and poker parties without religious scruples and condemnation. I have discovered that conscience in a large measure is the result of education. Some people can do with ease and pleasure what others could not do under any circumstances because of conscientious scruples.

It is evident when the Holy Spirit is lacking in the life of the professor, however tenacious the doctrines of the Bible may be held or defended, that the flesh predominates and the truth is held in unrighteousness. This we see was the state of the Jews, who strained at gnats and swallowed camels. The Pharisees could not conscientiously eat or mingle with Gentiles, lest they be defiled; but without a moral or religious scruple they could crucify the Lord Jesus.

CHAPTER XV.

EVANGELISTIC LABORS CONTINUED.

MY next appointment was with Bro. J. F. Clothey, in the New Bedford Church. As I had been associated with the New Bedford Church in revival work on several occasions, besides supplying the pulpit as an itinerant frequently for many years, I was in a sense "a back number." However, this did not seem to hinder my usefulness in preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God. It soon became evident that the sweet Spirit of the Master was leading the workers, and sinners were seeking the Saviour. The good pastor, as a wise and vigilant watchman, believed in keeping his flock on the forward move; hence there was less occasion or time for backsliding, as soldiers while on the march have less opportunity to desert the army. Several were hopefully converted, a number of wanderers were reclaimed, and many members of the Church were revived into spiritual activity. For my three weeks' labor among the brethren I was well remembered financially.

Worcester, Mass.

From New Bedford, I went direct to Worcester, to assist Bro. W. A. Burch for a few days in revival effort. I put up my "Historic-Prophetic Chart" and gave several discourses upon the signs of the times, which clearly indicated the approaching end of the age. I also gave special sermons on the line of salvation, which quickened some of the members into spiritual life, though it seemed at times that my messages were received with marked indifference and treated with embarrassing silence. However, the meetings were helpful to many who publicly acknowledged the same. Several backsliders were reclaimed, and a few made a start for a better life by coming to the altar for prayer.

Auburn, Maine.

At the earnest solicitation of my highly-esteemed Bro. Stephen Woodworth, pastor of the Advent Christian Church in Auburn, Me., I left home about the middle of February 1895, to assist the Church in a series of revival meetings. On my arrival at Auburn I found the pastor confined to the house, being seriously affected with lung trouble, resulting from a severe cold which he had recently contracted. He was not able to attend the meetings during my stay there, but was often upon his knees in prayer asking the heavenly Father to pour out his Spirit upon the people and save sinners. His prayers were answered. Though the pastor was sick and helpless, the Church re-

ceived me as God's messenger, and the faithful workers who knew how both to labor and pray took hold by faith. The work went forward in perfect harmony, which resulted in the conversion of nineteen precious souls, who started well in the heavenly journey. We ardently trust they have, in obedience to the heavenly Master, kept the faith and realized the blessing resulting from an entire consecration to the cause of truth and righteousness.

Two Weeks in Somerville.

Returning to Lynn, I was compelled to remain at home for several weeks and nurse a bad cold taken while in Maine.

The Church in Somerville invited me to spend two Sundays with them the latter part of March, where a season of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord" gave evidence that our labor was not in vain in the Lord. From the start, the meetings were attended with spiritual power and deep conviction, which resulted in the conversion of many. Among the number was our much beloved Bro. W. S. Bezanson, who has filled the pulpit of some of our best Churches, as a worthy Christian minister of the gospel of the kingdom.

Newburyport, Mass.

My next effort was with the Church in Newburyport, where I held a series of gospel-prophetic meetings, using a large Symbolic Chart to illustrate my discourses. There were many strangers present at all the services, who were apparently

interested in the subject of fulfilled prophecy; especially those subjects which related to the second advent of the Redeemer. Though there were no conversions reported, yet believers representing several Christian denominations received a spiritual uplift, which they publicly acknowledged. The seed of truth was generously scattered and He who said, "My word shall not return unto me void," will make it a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. The harvest will reveal the result of all faithful toil.

Special Meetings in Norfolk, Va.

I was urgently solicited by Bro. E. B. Small to visit Norfolk, Va., and hold a series of gospel meetings in the "Sam Jones' Tabernacle," which he had secured at his own expense. This Bro. Small was an engineer on one of the ocean tugboats, running between Norfolk and Boston, and other seaports along the New England Coast. Bro. Small, feeling a deep solicitude for the citizens of Norfolk that they might hear the message of the second coming of the Lord, took it upon himself to make the arrangements and bear the expenses out of his own pocket. He visited my home in Lynn, and told me of the burden which lay upon his heart, and after earnestly pouring out his sonl to God in prayer related the cause of his desire to have me go to Norfolk.

After this dear brother had laid bare his heart's yearning for Norfolk, I could not resist his appeal, and before he left my home I decided to take up

my cross and go South. There being none of our people in that city, he directed me to a Bro. Rogers, of Rutland, Vt., who was working in Norfolk, and was interested in the coming of the Lord and kindred doctrines, who might be a help to me in securing board and lodgings.

Upon my arrival in Norfolk, I was received very kindly by strangers, who treated me with marked hospitality when they knew the object of my work among them. I was introduced to Dr. Jones of the Terrace Baptist Church, and was invited to preach in his pulpit the first Sunday morning after my arrival in the city. I found in him a true Christian gentleman, who advertised the meetings from his pulpit, and secured a band of singers from his Church and from others also, who made up a choir of over forty voices, while he officiated at the organ at nearly all of our public services.

The tabernacle where the meetings were held was built for Sam Jones, the Southern evangelist, and had been used by other evangelists subject to the rules of the evangelical syndicate of Protestant Churches of the city. No religious class of people could get permission to use the building unless acknowledged by the Y. M. C. A., consequently I was prohibited the use of the place, not having a denominational backing in the city. But it providentially happened that a brewing company had secured the use of the building as a storage, hence the auditorium was not occupied and Bro. Small had secured it for two weeks, paying one hundred dollars per week including light and janitor.

We began our meetings at 3.30 P. M., under what appeared to be a dark outlook. As certain rumors were floating about the city that I was an infidel, and that none of the city clergy had been interviewed in relation to the meetings. When Bro. Rogers informed me of what was going on, I fell upon my face and cried aloud for help from above. As we walked to the tabernacle I felt, oh that I had not come to this place, and wished that I might be excused from the terrible disappointment which seemed to confront me. However, when we reached the place I inquired of the police at the door:

"Is there anyone in?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "You will have a very representative congregation before you this evening."

When we entered the tabernacle, a surprise greater than any I had ever had in my life met my gaze; over two thousand people were in the seats. I struggled to the rostrum upon which were seated over forty singers, to whom Bro. Jones introduced me as the evangelist for the next two weeks. I spoke at the first meeting upon the subject, "What Constitutes a Christian from a Bible Standpoint?" The Spirit was present affording much liberty, which drew a hearty response from those in the congregation, who knew experimentally that the subject was not overdrawn. The sermon was followed by the choir of forty male voices which sang, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The singing was in the Spirit which

inspired joy and gladness, as it seemed that every body was singing. Tears filled many eyes, and some were there who could not restrain their emotion and dropped from their seats to the floor which was covered with fresh clean sawdust.

The meetings were characterized throughout by harmony and brotherly love. Some of the services were attended with unusual displays of divine power. I remember seeing upwards of twenty persons on one occasion lying prostrate upon the floor having been overcome by the Spirit. None of the workers attempted to criticise those who gave way to their feelings. It seemed certain that some of those most affected were not under the influence of the Holy Spirit, but largely controlled by the power of animal magnetism. I do not hesitate to express my belief that a few of the many who were overcome by the power were under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As there were strange rumors circulating about the city in relation to the new doctrines I was teaching at the tabernacle, Dr. Jones called at my lodgings and suggested that it would be wise under the circumstances for me to announce from the platform, that I would on a certain date tell the public from a Bible standpoint why I differed from others in relation to the "origin, nature and destiny of man."

I was very glad to know that the public had recognized the difference. I complied with the doctor's request, and immediately announced the date and subject upon which I would speak. The

notice of the meeting was generously advertized throughout the city, furnishing food to the curiosity seekers, who delighted to hear and tell something new.

On that occasion I met a congregation numbering upwards of four thousand people, representing several denominations and professional men. When I learned of the presence of noted lawyers, and doctors of divinity before whom I had to speak, my heart failed me for a time, and my knees almost refused to bear the weight of my body; and my embarrassment was akin to bewilderment. Bro. Jones seeing my timidity arose and offered a fervent prayer for the speaker, which lifted me away from my fears and weakness. As soon as I opened my mouth to speak in defence of the Bible my liberty came, and knowing that I was doing work for my Master his promise gave the assurance of his presence.

When I announced my subject, "The Plan of Redemption," I stated that my subject involved the "origin, nature and destiny of man," including the resurrection of the dead, and the restitution of all things essential to the new heavens and new earth, wherein the righteous shall dwell. It was noticeable, too, that when I treated upon the nature and destiny of man, that some were restless, though no one left the building, nor interrupted the speaker during his address. When I had finished my discourse there was an embarrassing stillness as a recoil for a few moments, which nearly took my breath. I did not know what

attitude Dr. Jones would take in relation to the doctrine of Conditionalism. This also caused me a little flutter of the heart, until he arose and said:

"Dear friends, I have followed this brother through every sermon since he began his work in this tabernacle, and I have discovered nothing in his teaching which I cannot endorse. This sermon to-night is rather out of the ordinary, and some things seem new and no doubt strange to many of you, but he has advanced nothing which has not been substantiated by the Sacred Scriptures. I am sure you all consider me to be orthodox in my teaching. This being our evangelical battle ground, I have stood side by side with every evangelist who has conducted meetings in this place for years, and I have found none with whom I have enjoyed sweeter fellowship and harmony, than this dear brother."

This endorsement by the doctor was a great surprise to me, for I had been feeling that my position in relation to these unpopular views were so far out of the course steered by other preachers that I certainly would not be understood by any in this strange city, even Dr. Jones. I took courage after seeing that my discourse had not been treated with outward hostility, but especially after the public endorsement of Bro. Jones. The following night I delivered a discourse upon the "general judgment to come." I plainly showed from the Bible that neither the righteous nor the wicked were rewarded at death, but at the second coming of our Saviour, who will then reward his servants

the prophets, and the saints, both small and great. "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works" (Matt. 16: 27). Surely, if he rewards every man according to his works when he returns, it is true, that they had not been rewarded at death, because Christ has not yet come.

The discourse made a deep impression upon many in the congregation, and when I gave the invitation to all who desired to seek the Lord, quite a number came forward and knelt at the altar. While myself and others were conversing with the seekers and trying to lead them to accept Christ by faith I overheard some of the students from the University criticising some of the points I had made which they condemned as heresy, and I as a false teacher. After we had prayed with the seekers and closed the service for the night, I approached the group of young men who had criticised my discourse and inquired the cause of their dissatisfaction. One of them replied:

"You are teaching false doctrine, sir. You are an infidel. You are denying what everybody believes, that the good go to heaven immediately after death, and the wicked into hell immediately after they die. You have declared to-night that my brother who died a few months ago is not in heaven, but is in the grave."

"Who is your brother?" I inquired. "I know nothing of him whatever. Do you say he is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead, and everybody who knew him

was satisfied that if ever there was a Christian on earth he was one. We believe he is in heaven."

"Well," I said, "if anybody can go to heaven after they die without a body, no doubt he is there; but death kills men, and dead men know nothing; hence he is no better off being dead in heaven than he would be on earth. But, dear friend, your brother is in the grave, the house appointed for the dead; and you will see him no more until the trumpet sounds and the dead are raised. 'For if the dead rise not, then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.'"

"But he did not go to heaven in his body," said the young man, "it was his spirit that returned to God who gave it."

I replied, "If he went to heaven without his body, it is certain that he is nobody, as there cannot be a bodily presence without a body, or a person without a personality. Say, young man, by what law could the spirit of your brother be identified? You never saw his spirit when it was within him, and by what marks could you identify it after it left him? Theologians have defined the spirit as uncompounded, inorganic, without form or shape, having neither interior nor exterior surface; hence it seems quite difficult to understand how one could identify an invisible, immaterial spirit."

"You are an infidel!" exclaimed the young student.

"Call me what you please. If the testimony of the Bible makes me an infidel, I am perfectly willing to be classed on that list; but I am not willing

to accept what you say about going to heaven in a disembodied state until you give me something stronger than a theological 'Say so' as proof."

At once they all pitched into me for an extended debate. I said, "Dear friends, the street is no place for a religious debate at such a late hour of the night, but if you will call at my room to-morrow morning after nine o'clock we will examine the Bible testimony upon this subject." To this they agreed and departed for their homes.

When we met the following morning, I found them in quite a different mood. They had come to investigate the subject candidly and sincerely from a Bible standpoint. After going over the subject carefully, it became quite clear to some of the students, that a physical change was absolutely necessary, which, according to St. Paul, would be brought about either by a resurrection of the dead body, or by a physical translation of the body at the coming of Jesus Christ, "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." What became of the young men I never knew, with but one exception, a brother, C. E. Myers, who accepted the truth and became one of its defenders.

Dr. Jones, in a defence of the gospel I was holding forth, said, in a very impressive manner: "The only distinguishing difference between this brother's treatment of the doctrine of the second coming of our Saviour and the evangelical

Churches of this city is, that while we all believe in the coming of the Lord and the resurrection of the dead, we say little or nothing about it; while he believes it ardently and proclaims it fearlessly as a subject of faith and an object of hope."

The meetings continued at the tabernacle for thirteen nights; quite a number were converted and gathered into the different Churches of their own choosing. The dear brother who set this movement on foot paid all the expenses from his own pocket, being so interested for the people to hear the judgment message. He said he would rather pay all that the meetings cost, than thrust a collection box in the faces of those whom he wanted to hear the message of the Lord's soon coming. This trip into the Southern country inspired a feeling to labor in the South, which I did for eleven winters, mostly in Florida; making several visits to Georgia, and holding a two weeks' series of meetings in Wilmington, N. C.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPECIAL ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

SOME of my labors were blessed in winning souls in the Southern field, especially in Live Oak, Tampa, Jacksonville, Lake Ogden, and other places where the message of the kingdom was accompanied with convicting power. As my work was a work of faith and labor of love, I went forth trusting the Lord for means of travel and support. On several occasions after receiving calls from the South I made tests whether or not it was the Lord calling. After committing the matter to the Lord of the harvest, I waited until the answer came.

Answered Prayer.

As I cannot go into all the details connected with the trials of faith on these lines, I think it important to mention some of the most striking incidents in direct answer to prayer. It was late in the fall when I had received several calls from the mission field, quite a number from the South, urging me to come to their assistance in gospel work, as they were in need of help. I hestitated

answering those letters on account of limited funds to supply my household needs at home, and sufficient means for traveling expenses to reach the mission field. I left it entirely with the Lord to open the way, if it was his will, for me to go South. The call was so loud at times that I was moved to write favorably, but was restrained from doing so until brighter evidence dawned to give assurance of faith. Time moved along, but nothing occurred to give evidence that I *could* go South and I began to think perhaps the Lord did not want me to go. My faith began to wane, and the anxious desire created by the urgent appeals for gospel work was dying out so that I was willing to remain in New England if it was the Lord's will.

On Thanksgiving morning while at our family devotion, as one after another engaged in prayer, there came a deep hush within, such as I had not often felt, until the last one of the family had ceased praying. Then I was moved by the Spirit to pray again and ask the Lord for some definite sign by which I could know his will concerning the South. When I had concluded my petition, and all the children had risen from their knees with tears in their eyes, my dear wife bent over me as I remained upon my knees and said, "Husband, do you think the Lord will answer your prayer?"

I said, "Yes; but certainly it will be in his way, either yes or no. If he says no, I am willing to remain at home; and if he says yes, I am willing to go, however hard the work, or however poor the fare. I will abide his leading whatever it be."

A Joyful Surprise.

On the following day in the afternoon, while entertaining my sister and her husband at our home, we were engaged in conversation relating to God's special leading during my ministry and his direct answers to prayer. I had related several instances of special importance which seemed to impress my brother-in-law, who was not a Christian, nor had he ever known anything about the power of God in dealing with his people. I had just related the incident of our experience at our family devotion the previous morning, and my special exercise in prayer while seeking a sign from the Lord in relation to the Southern field.

Just as I had concluded the above narrative, I turned my face toward the window and saw a woman coming up the street. She stopped in front of our house, came to the door and rang the bell, which was answered by my wife. The lady inquired for me and was told that I was at home and she was urged to come in, but declined saying that she was in a hurry and would not stop. After talking a few moments she passed a package to my wife without any explanation and bidding her goodbye, departed. My wife passed the package to me, which I carelessly laid aside not thinking it of much importance. Soon my wife came into the room and inquired what the package contained? I immediately opened it and to my great surprise we found it contained one hundred and sixty dollars in fresh, crisp bank bills. This was so un-

expected that we were bewildered for a few moments, tears blinding our eyes.

"Who was she?" I exclaimed.

"Did she give her name? What did she say?" I asked my wife.

The woman said nothing of herself whatever. When asked, "Who shall I say brought the package?" she replied, "A sister in the Lord," but nothing further was said. This large donation from an unknown source filled us with inexpressible surprise.

I exclaimed over and over again, "What does this mean? There is nothing to indicate who sent the money, or who brought it; or for what purpose it was intended. Well, well!" I exclaimed, "this is a profound mystery. I do not understand its meaning."

My sister said, "Why, George, haven't you been telling us of your asking the Lord yesterday for a token of his will concerning your going South this winter? Certainly you ought not to be surprised at this unexpected answer to your prayer for guidance in relation to your work in the South."

"But there is no instruction given how or where the money is to be used."

I picked up the wrapper from the carpet and there I found a slip of paper upon which was written:

"Dear Mr. Sederquist, the Lord has put it into my heart to donate one hundred and thirty dollars of the enclosed amount for your individual use in the mission field, South, West, North or East as the Lord may direct. Thirty dollars of the money I want you to send to the Gospel Mission Boat at Tampa, Florida."

That settled the question beyond a doubt concerning the Southern work. It has never been made known to me who sent the money, nor who was the lady who brought it; but it is quite clear that it came in direct answer to prayer.

Work in Philadelphia.

Soon after the above question was settled, I received a communication from the pastor of the Hebron Baptist Church, in Philadelphia, inviting me to assist him in a protracted meeting, which he desired to begin the first week in January if possible. I considered the invitation as a good omen, and in due time I started on my Southern trip, via. Philadelphia, reaching there Jan. 2, 1898. Upon my arrival I met the pastor, Rev. H. A. King, who informed me that the Church was small and rather weak financially. However, by advertising the meetings quite extensively, after a few nights the people began to come in to hear the word of the gospel, which soon awakened an interest in the congregation. In a short time it became evident that God had mercy in store for lost sinners, and at our third meeting there were eight seekers for salvation at the altar.

There is one interesting incident which I think may serve to illustrate the folly of trying to be overcautious in approaching indifferent, worldly men. A lady member of the Church had called at the pastor's residence and extended an invitation to the evangelist to occupy lodgings at her home. During the afternoon the pastor invited me to

accompany him to the store of the lady's husband.

On our way to the store the pastor informed me that the gentleman whom we were to visit was of a peculiar temperament, and that it would not be wise to approach him upon the subject of religion, as he had tried it, and found it to be useless. He gave me this caution, thinking I might approach him in a way that would stir his anger, and he forbid me the courtesy which his dear wife had so kindly extended.

When we reached the store, the pastor introduced me as the evangelist who was holding meetings at his Church. The man seemed quite friendly while exchanging the compliments of the season, and led off in a very pleasant, easy style of conversation. Soon after the formal introduction, forgetting the warning of the good pastor, I plunged into a religious conversation by inquiring if he was a Christian. To which he replied, in a very pleasant manner, "I am sorry to say I am not a Christian, sir." This was the very thing I was advised not to do, but instead of turning his head, it touched his heart, aroused conviction and resulted in his salvation. In a cheerful way I invited him to come to the meetings, passing him an invitation card. That night Mr. Beresford came to the meeting with his wife and listened to the gospel for the first time in five years.

I knew nothing of his presence in the meeting until the service had closed, when I was introduced to his wife who was seeking the favor of God that

he might restore unto her the joys of his salvation. I met also a young lady of English birth, who was at the altar seeking restoring grace from a backslidden state. She, with Mrs. Beresford, sought and found peace and went home rejoicing.

Upon my arrival at their home that night, I met Mr. Beresford, who was not in a mood to greet me pleasantly, but leaving the room without an apology hastened to his chamber. Mrs. Beresford placed the Bible before me, requesting that I should pray with them before retiring. We all knelt down and united our voices together in thanksgiving to God for his grace which had restored unto them the joys of his salvation.

Mr. Beresford followed up the meetings until the fourth night. When the invitation was given to those who requested prayer to come forward and surrender all to God the best they knew, he arose with several others. Those who could believe for pardon went down to their homes justified that night, as they entered into a new life relationship with the blessed Lord and Saviour.

That night at his home Mr. Beresford embraced me very tenderly saying, "Only for you, sir, I should not have sought and found the Saviour so soon."

In relating this narrative I do it chiefly to show that every Christian worker should use his own natural gifts with which God has endowed him, and no man should attempt to restrain, repress, or in any way interfere with the operation of the Spirit, however impulsive he may seem to others.

The good pastor confessed that "for five years he had been trying to win Mr. Beresford, but had failed, and it was evident that his failure was because of the lack of courage to approach him personally, as Bro. Sederquist did, and so won his heart at the first personal interview."

The writer visited the home of Mr. Beresford, in Philadelphia, five years later, and found him gloriously saved and faithfully engaged in the Master's service in the Church of which he was a worthy member.

Jacksonville and Live Oak.

After leaving Philadelphia, I continued my journey by rail to Florida. On my arrival at Jacksonville I was met at the railroad station by Bro. H. V. Skipper, who was conducting a series of gospel meetings in that city, and having no supply for his pulpit in Live Oak wished me to go there and preach to his people over the Sabbath.

On Sunday morning the Lord gave me much liberty in preaching the glorious gospel to a congregation of attentive listeners. Again in the afternoon I preached the word of life, and the Lord made it a message of power; many hearts being touched and made tender, while tears wet the faces of many in the congregation.

At night the house was literally packed with a congregation to whom I preached upon the subject, "What constitutes the hope of the gospel?" It was evident that the message was received joyfully by those who loved the truth, and were "Looking

for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." The services throughout the day were attended with divine power and proved a spiritual blessing to the Church, giving them an uplift and quickening quite a number into spiritual life.

There were several who confessed that many things they had heard were new to them, and by the grace of God they would endeavor to live up to the gospel standard. I find it absolutely important to keep the standard of Christian piety lifted as high as the gospel has left it. A Church burdened with a lot of ungodly members need not hope for a harvest of righteousness. Make the tree good, and its fruit will be good. The Church of Christ is represented as "A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid," which beautifully illustrates the Christian life in the world. "In the world, but not of it."

The meetings were continued each night through the week, with Bible readings in the afternoon, which were greatly enjoyed by those who could make it possible to attend. At one of the evening meetings, there were ten or fifteen strong men who came to the altar as seekers for salvation. It was evident that they were deeply convicted of sin, and were made to feel the need of a Saviour, as they remained for a long time upon their knees crying unto God for deliverance. Truly that was a time of great power, as the majority of those who came forward were wicked men, whom nobody thought would ever start in the Christian life. If I

remember rightly there were about twenty that came out on profession of faith and were baptized.

"The Lord did a mighty work for us sinners," said one of the mill hands, to me one day as I visited among them. "Why, I have worked here for a number of years, and not a single day has passed that I have not used profane and vulgar language; but not a bad word, or wicked thought has troubled me since I gave my heart to the Lord." And what was true of that man was true of all the others.

One woman told me that a change had taken place in her husband's life and habits, since he started to serve the Lord. "Why," she said, "he never came home without an oath or some kind of a foul word upon his lips; but now he is so nice and good that our home is very different, and we are just as happy as we can be."

Wm. H. DURFEE,
Oak Lawn, R. I.

CHAPTER XVII.

WORK IN TAMPA, FLA., AND BRUNSWICK, GA.

LEAVING Live Oak I next went to Tampa, where I joined Bro. John T. Johnson of the "Gospel Mission Boat." I made inquiry as to the possibility of securing a place in which to conduct religious meetings after my arrival in Tampa. I was informed by Bro. Johnson that there was a "Gospel Mission Tent" in the freight house, which had been there for several weeks. We next started out in pursuit of a lot upon which we might pitch the tent, and this we finally secured. I paid the bills at the freight house and had the tent brought to the lot where it was soon put up. Then we hired lumber for flooring and seating in the tent. We were fortunate in securing settees, which furnished us with an outfit, that made our little white meeting-house look proud. Bro. Johnson and myself started into the work in the full assurance of faith that much good would be accomplished.

On the second week of our meetings we were joined by Bro. W. P. Israel, of Portsmouth, N. H., who stayed with us until the meetings closed. Several were hopefully converted and baptized,

among whom were three ladies, each over seventy years old, who came from the water rejoicing and praising the Lord for his salvation.

Next we moved the tent to Port Tampa City, a distance of nine or ten miles further south, which was a thriving seaport town, where large merchant ships and freighters came to receive cargoes of phosphate for all European ports. The phosphate mines of Southern Florida are inexhaustible, and investors in this commercial industry have found it a paying investment. We were delighted to find some Christian friends in this new town, who aided us materially in securing a lot and assisting us in pitching our tent — without the slightest cost to us. Through Bro. Israel we met one of the chief business men of the town, who said he had no regard for either the Bible or Christianity, or, in fact, religion of any sort; yet he liked to see Churches in a town or city, for custom's sake, if for no moral benefit. He said, "He was aware that new settlers coming to Port Tampa City would establish Churches and maintain religious worship, and did not see why Adventists might not be among the first to start such an enterprise."

Soon after our meetings got under good headway, I received an urgent invitation from Brunswick, Ga., to assist the pastor in a series of meetings that had been running for a week or so, when he was taken seriously ill and would be compelled to give them up unless somebody could be secured to assist him in the work. The workers at the tent thought they could get along without me under

the circumstances, and I decided to go to Brunswick. The distance being about three hundred miles, it required eighteen hours to reach my destination.

On my arrival I found the pastor, J. D. Kendrick, in a weak condition physically, but full of faith and courage that much good would be accomplished among the people. Several had already sought and found the Lord. On the second night with the Church I was impressed to speak upon the "Unspeakable Gift," and the Lord made it a message of salvation to several who were under conviction. There was a man sitting directly in front of the pulpit, who gave his undivided attention to the discourse, while I was portraying the exceeding sinfulness of sin and its various effects as seen in the world of mankind through the disobedience of Adam. On the other hand, I was trying to illustrate the unparalleled love of God in the gift of his only begotten Son, who "by the grace of God should taste death for every man," making it possible, that whosoever would repent of and forsake his sins should receive pardon for past transgressions and have the hope of eternal life in the heavenly kingdom.

At the close of the service a young lady came to me somewhat excited, saying, "You have got my papa; sure you have! He hasn't been in a religious meeting before for many years. This seems wonderful to me," she said. "Oh, I believe he will be converted. Pray for him."

He came the next night and listened attentively

to the message and seemed somewhat affected. I met him at the close of the service and inquired if he was a Christian. He said, "No, but I believe you have something which I need mighty bad. I am a very bad man, and have an awful bad temper which I cannot control."

I told him that the Lord could take him, temper and all the rest of his habits, and make him a good, loving, kind, patient, humble Christian man if he would surrender to him. When we parted that night he invited the pastor and myself to dine with his family on the following day, which we accepted, and spent two hours very pleasantly discoursing mostly upon religious topics. I gave him some illustrations, showing how it would be possible for him to overcome his hasty temper and also the habit of profanity. He thanked me for my advice and counsel, but thought it impossible to realize what he so much desired; namely, victory over his sinful habits in which he had indulged so long. We united in prayer for him and his dear family, and as we could do nothing more for him we left him in the hands of the One who is "mighty to save."

On the following night he came to the meeting with his face all aglow, and seemed impatient for the meeting to commence, so that he could tell what the Lord had done for him. When the service was opened for testimony, he arose and said:

"Dear friends, I want to tell you what a victory I have won to-day. I loaded my grocery wagon this morning and started out to deliver the goods,

and I kept upon the watch continually, hoping to overcome in the hour of temptation. I succeeded very well until late in the afternoon when I called at a store to collect a bill that had been overdue some time. When I presented the bill, the man said, 'You need not come for money to-day, for I have none for you.' My first thought was to knock him down, as my anger came up in a moment, but instead of swearing and striking him, I began to count ten; and putting my fist in my pocket I stood and looked him straight in the eye until my anger abated, and without another word I jumped into my wagon and drove away. That moment great peace came into my heart and I drove home rejoicing in the first victory I had gained since the war."

A few days later I was on the street when a man called to me saying, "I have a walking cane which I wish to present to you. Any man who could convert such a wicked man as Tom Pitman ought to receive a pension."

I said, "I did not convert him. If I did he won't stay converted very long; but if the Lord has converted him he will be worth much to the city, to the Church, to his family and to the country."

I learned three years later when visiting Brunswick, that both he and his wife had died, and that he had proved a faithful convert, and in humility served his Master until the last. I remained with Bro. Kendrick two weeks and witnessed the power of the grace of God in the conversion of quite a number who began the new life.

Evangelistic Rambling.

After returning home in the spring I supplied several pulpits in our New England Churches which gave me great pleasure. In June of that summer I attended the annual conference in Nova Scotia, and experienced a feast of religious freedom with the brethren and sisters who had come together from different sections of the country to enjoy their "feast of tabernacles," as it was socially called.

During the camp-meeting season, I attended several of those gatherings, including Springfield, Mass., Green, R. I., Alton Bay, N. H., Fairhaven, Vt., and Plainville, Conn. At each of those places I had the blessed privilege of preaching the gospel of the kingdom to hundreds and sometimes thousands of worshipers who gathered in the leafy grove at morning, noon and night. These annual gatherings were often seasons of refreshing, which proved very helpful to many of the dear saints, especially to such as were deprived of gospel privileges, because of living in country districts where there were none of "like precious faith" who were "looking for the blessed hope."

Again in the month of September I with other preaching brethren visited Nova Scotia, where a quarterly meeting of the Advent Christian Conference was held at Litchfield, Annapolis Co. The meeting was of more than ordinary interest throughout the session, on account of the presence of the Holy Spirit, which was poured out in copious showers upon the Church. Many hearts were made glad,

sinners were convicted, and the saints greatly refreshed.

Revival in Granville.

Having received an invitation to hold some special meetings in the valley, in the Goat Island district, I decided to accept the call and reached the Island ward in due season, and held our first meeting on Monday night. The people came in large numbers, and seemed deeply interested in the message I carried to them. There were signs of conviction in our first meeting, and one dear old Christian brother said to me, "You'll see something give way here before long."

On the second night I put up my large Prophetic Chart, and though it was somewhat novel to the people who were not accustomed to seeing such things in a meeting-house, yet no one raised any outward objection. The Spirit was present to give power to the message I delivered to the people. When I had concluded my discourse, I paused for a few moments, and a divine hush fell upon the congregation that seemed to place everybody in an attitude of suspense as though something serious was going to happen. Breaking the silence, I inquired, "How many praying fathers are there here to-night? Will you please stand?" There were but two who responded. I then asked, "How many praying mothers are there present?" There were eight or nine who answered. Then I put the question, "How many unconverted, unsaved persons are there present who desire to become followers of the Lord Jesus?" A large number arose to their

feet, many of whom were in tears. Then I called for all who felt their need of Christ to come forward. To the joy of men on earth and the angels in heaven, many crowded about the altar weeping like children. There were several aged men who had passed their threescore years and ten; some of them I knew in my early manhood. There were those at the altar as seekers who had felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit in former days, but rejected the call and had grown hard in iniquity.

The scene was beyond the art of description and intensly interesting, as old and young, male and female, mingled together in sobs and groans, while pleading for mercy and salvation. Truly God had opened the door of salvation again to those who had rejected him in early life, and now in their old age like little children they were seeking his face and favor.

I spoke again on the following night to those who ventured out through a violent storm, that was sweeping land and sea with herculean force. As I was compelled to leave on the morrow to keep a previous appointment on the Island of Grand Manan, I was desirous to hear from those who were seekers, whether any of them had found the Lord as their personal Saviour. Quite a number gave testimony of the blessing they had received.

The brethren and friends urged me to stay with them and carry on the good work; but as the pastor was present I felt that he should take the work and look after the converts. I considered it my duty to keep my engagement with the people on

the Island. Accordingly I bade them farewell amid tears and rejoicing.

Leaving Annapolis at 2 P. M., on the following day by steamer for St. John, we arrived there late in the evening, being delayed by the terrific gale in the Bay of Fundy. On reaching Eastport, Me., we were too late to connect with the island steamer, and it being Friday, P. M., it was doubtful whether we could reach our destination before Sunday morning. Believing that nothing is impossible with God, I found a retreat where I committed my case to him, and waited patiently for the cloud to lift. On the arrival of the ferryboat from Lubec, I met a government officer at the head of the wharf of whom I inquired, whether it was possible for me to reach Grand Manan before Sunday. He informed me that there was a schooner laying in the pool at Campobello waiting for a chance to go to the island as soon as the wind would permit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAILING IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

TAKING the ferryboat at Eastport, I was soon in touch with the captain of the schooner, who gladly welcomed me to share his hospitality as he was short of help in managing the vessel. I lay down for a nap, and was awakened by the captain at 2 A. M. After going on deck, I assisted in hoisting the sails and heaving up the anchor, thus getting the vessel underway, and making ready for the voyage. Soon after leaving the pool the wind died out, leaving us with a very light air, as we glided slowly along the coast till about sunrise, when a fresh breeze sprang up from the southeast, which was "dead ahead," as sailors say. It being Saturday, with a head wind and a head tide to overcome, I began to feel a little disturbed in my mind whether we could reach the Island before dark.

The captain being a sick man, it was not possible that he could endure much fatigue. I told him that in my early life I was accquainted with sailors' experiences, and if he would accept my service I would take the helm and work the vessel as best I could. He left me, went below and turned in to keep out of the rain, which began to fall in torrents.

The captain furnished me with raincoat, souwester, and rubber mittens, which made me feel as comfortable as a prince. With all sail set, the schooner being half loaded with salt could stand up in a smart breeze. As the wind increased we were compelled to reef the mainsail, which was accomplished after a short time. With the rising of the wind there was a rising of the sea also, and sometimes when the vessel would plunge into the sea she would send the spray nearly to the masthead. After ten hours' sailing in the turbulent waters of the Bay of Fundy, we rounded the North Head of Grand Manan and came to anchor in Flagg's Cove. The captain acknowledged the value of my service in bringing the schooner into port.

After landing, I immediately secured a team and was driven seven miles to Woodward's Cove, where I was met by friends who had made all necessary preparations for the meetings which were held in Fraiser's Hall. We began our meetings on Sunday morning, and continued them each night for two weeks. Though the weather was wet and very unpleasant most of the time, yet the interest kept on the increase until the last. On the third Sunday I baptized several, who had embraced the truth and publicly confessed their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Arriving home in safety the last day of October, I rested a few days, then left for Springfield, Mass., where I kept an engagement with the superintendent of the City Mission to assist him in a series of gospel meetings. The mission being run under the

auspices of some of the city Churches, I was somewhat handicapped. I had been warned that I must not advance any doctrinal views, as the mission was undenominational, and was likely to give offense. I replied, "While the Bible is not a denominational book, it certainly is a doctrinal book. I cannot understand how a minister can preach the gospel and not preach doctrine."

The brother in reply said, "We do not believe in the sleep of the dead, nor the destruction of the wicked."

"Well," said I, "suppose I should read a passage where it said, 'I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep,' and I should take occasion to tell the people what kind of sleep the apostle was talking about, what then?"

"Well," he said, "it would be far better to avoid the explanation than to provoke controversy."

I discovered that about every one of the lady workers would dwell upon the "never-dying and immortal soul; or of dying and sinking immediately into a hell of conscious torture; or of dying and going immediately into heavenly rapture." About every error which modern theology has used to scare sinners to Christ was fully amplified, but Bible truth must not be used lest it give offense.

On one occasion I was led to discourse upon the Christian's hope, dwelling upon the coming of our Saviour and the resurrection of the dead, the restoration of our loved ones, and the glorification of the Church. When I had reached a certain stage in my sermon a young man in the congrega-

tion sprang to his feet and cried out, "I can stand this no longer. My mother was a believer in the coming of Jesus, and her prayers have followed me all these years. I promised to meet her when Jesus comes. I am a wanderer from God and from home. Pray for me. Your sermon to-night has brought back the memories of that sweet home and mother. O God, how can I stand this. I want to be saved and meet my precious mother in the kingdom." The young man left his seat and came to the altar, where he remained upon his face for a long time weeping and calling upon God to save him.

The meeting closed at the usual time, but several seekers tarried until they had obtained pardon. The young man referred to was one of the number and stayed until after midnight before he found rest to his soul. I continued with the mission ten days, including two Sundays, and received ten dollars for my services, which scarcely met my expenses in travel and other incidentals during my absence from home.

Special Work in Providence, R. I.

My next call was from Providence, R. I., where I assisted Bro. J. A. Gardner, pastor of the Church, in revival effort. There were no conversions reported, but the Church received a spiritual uplift, and several backsliders were reclaimed and restored to Church fellowship. As I had in previous years visited the Advent Christian Church in Providence, I ever found warm and generous Christian hearts there.

The Church at Providence I think one of the most spiritual in the Advent Christian denomination. Great changes have taken place in the Church within the last ten years, mostly by death. The old people have nearly all passed away, and are quietly sleeping in their graves, and younger ones have taken their places.

Pascoag, R. I.

Soon after my visiting Providence, I was invited to visit Pascoag and assist the pastor in special work in the Church. Here I found a small congregation gathered in a very neat, commodious building, to whom I spoke the word of life, as recorded in the New Testament, with a good degree of freedom. When I called for responses from those who constituted the Church, I was at once disappointed, as there were but two who expressed their desire for a work of grace in the community; namely, the pastor and his father. It was evident that the people were "hearers of the word," but not "doers" of work, hence they were shorn of the blessing which belongs to the doer.

At our Sunday morning service there were scarcely any men present, and when I inquired the reason, was told "that nearly all the men were out in the woods gunning; Church members and all the rest who had a gun and a dog." At the evening service nearly all the men had returned, and were at the meeting to listen to the preaching. I spoke from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." I enjoyed an

unusually free time in digging out some precious nuggets of truth, which was aimed point blank at the gunners. It was remarked at the close of the meeting "that somebody had been hit," but no one had acknowledged publicly that the shot had struck them; but the preacher noticed that there had been some smart dodging at the flash. I told them that a mere profession of religion was like an empty gun which the hunter pointed at the game, without the power to bring it down. That a whole stack of chaff would not amount to a bushel of wheat to a hungry man, and certainly no one would think of trying to live on chaff when they could get wheat. The Bible says, "The ungodly . . . are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous."

On our way home from the meeting that night I was introduced to one of the members. I remarked, "I did not see you at the meeting this morning?"

"No," said he, "I was one of those gunners you had so much to say about to-night. I do not allow any one to judge me. I am of age, and shall answer for myself at the judgment."

"But," said I, "suppose my text to-night should be applied to you at the judgment, what would you have to say?"

"Weighed in the balances, and art found wanting" will afford but little consolation, and a poor defense when standing before the great white

throne. We read of one who was found "speechless" when the king came in to inspect the guests. That poor fellow might have put on the wedding garment, but he did not and was "found wanting." Belshazzar was rich. He was a great king. He praised the gods of gold and silver. He reveled in wine with the lords and great men of his kingdom. He was gay and strong as he walked in his palace until the hand of God wrote upon the wall, "Mene; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Tekel; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Then was Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed, and his joints and his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. "Found wanting!" What a sad mistake to slight the claims of the gospel! to live on husks, drinking from the cup of worldly pleasure, sporting on the brink of eternity, and wasting the golden moments of time, while being drunk with the cares of this life.

Visit to New Haven Church.

Bro. Teeple, pastor of the Church of New Haven, Ct., invited me to help him in a revival meeting which he was holding in his Church there. I spent but one week with him, and there was some good accomplished, in the awakening of some of the Church members, restoring some backsliders, while a few sought the Lord. Among the number was my nephew, F. D. Riordan, of Bridgeport, Ct., who rode fifteen miles upon his wheel to hear his Uncle George preach the "glorious gospel of the

blessed God." He was hopefully converted, and went on his way rejoicing. All praise to the Redeemer for his mercy in saving the, "whosover" when they seek him with all the heart.

Dedication of Church on Grand Manan.

Two days after my return home from New Haven, I took steamer for Eastport, Me., connecting there for the Island of Grand Manan, N. B., where I joined Bro. Wm. P. Israel, in the dedication of a neat, commodious house of worship, which he had been instrumental in building, having collected a large amount of the funds, besides giving his time and labor in its erection.

Remaining a few days after the dedication, Bro. Israel and myself left the Island for our homes. On our homeward trip, Bro. Israel asked me, if I intended going South during the winter.

I replied, "If the Lord opens the way for me to do so, I may go. I have asked him for one hundred dollars, and if he sends it I am quite sure of going."

On my arrival home, I found a number of letters on my desk, and among them was one from Bro. J. F. Dickinson, of Woodstock, N. B., containing an express order for one hundred dollars. He wrote as follows:

Dear Bro. Sederquist: — This morning as I sat at my desk in my office in a muse, you seem to pass before me in vision, which left an impression upon my mind to send you one hundred dollars, to be used in your mission work, as the Lord may direct. So please accept this order, and if you should need more at any time, do not be afraid to inform me, as I have consecrated a part of my income to the Lord's cause.

I immediately wrote him, acknowledging his favor and telling him of my conversation with Bro. Israel as above stated.

These special answers to prayer often led me into deep heart searching before the Lord, who said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." I could ask special favors of the Lord with greater ease than I could of my fellowmen; knowing that he understands our needs far better than our friends possibly can.

CHAPTER XIX.

AGAIN I VISIT THE SOUTH.

LEAVING home early in January and stopping along the way at several stations ere I reached New York, to preach the gospel of the kingdom, thence I took ship for Jacksonville, Fla. Tarrying a few days with the brethren at Jacksonville I preached three nights and over the Sabbath before going on to Tampa, where I remained four weeks. Bro. J. T. Johnson had succeeded in erecting a commodious chapel as a Church home, and had gathered quite a company of believers into a Church organization. He as their pastor was greatly beloved by old and young of the Church and Sunday-school as well.

After four weeks of special effort with the Tampa people, I accepted an invitation to visit Live Oak once more; this being my fourth visit there in gospel work. My mission at Live Oak during this fourth visit was not as fruitful as on previous occasions, there being very few unconverted persons present at any of the services.

Meeting Lasted Until Midnight.

On the second Sunday of my visit at Live Oak, after the morning service at the Church, I was

invited by Bro. Jordan to accompany him to the "Pines," some ten or more miles away, were a meeting would be held at "early candle light." In due time Bro. Jordan called for me, and we drove through the woods of tall pines reaching the place of the meeting in the twilight.

As the shades of night were closing about us, the people began to gather from every quarter; some on horseback, some on mules and others in every sort of vehicle which might serve for the occasion; while many came on foot through the woods, or over the sandy roads. Aged men and women, boys and girls, saints and sinners, came until they filled the house.

The service was opened by singing. There being no hymn books, of course some one led in a familiar tune so that all who could sing might join in the music, which was truly inspiring, as they led off in strains which touched every fibre of the human heart. 'Twas the precious old "hymn" which everybody seemed to know:

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

After reading the Scriptures, Bro. Jordan engaged in prayer, when all in the congregation knelt down with him, and remained in perfect quiet until he finished. In the South this part of public worship is observed by all, saint or sinner. However little spiritually may be exhibited in their daily intercourse, as a rule, the people are never wanting in

outward respect in the house of prayer. There are exceptions to this rule in some localities, especially in cities, but not in the country. After that we sang the hymn:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found —
Was blind, but now I see."

As the congregation continued to sing, the religious portion became very enthusiastic; some shouting and clapping their hands, and others stamping their feet and swaying emotionally upon their seats, while shouting their praises to the Lord for salvation.

I selected for my subject Paul's "Faithful saying," and as I proceeded to set forth the transcending love of God, in the matchless gift of his dear Son for the redemption of a lost world, the Holy Spirit came upon us with a baptism of power, which aroused the emotional element to a high pitch.

When I had finished my discourse, Bro. Jordan arose and followed with a testimony, which was full of good sense and seasoned with plenty of Bible truth. It was now about ten o'clock, and we were a long distance from home. As I was feeling not a little weary, I arose and said, "Well, brethren, we have had a grand time in the Lord, and I think it about time to close the meeting."

Then an old gentleman arose and said, "Brother, if you don't mind, we would like right smart to have another sermon from you."

As this was much out of the ordinary, I began to cast about in my mind whether or not the Lord wanted another message from me. As I stood in a muse for a few moments considering whether it was duty or not, the word came to me with a freshness, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." This seemed to me like a voice from another world. "Dear friends," I said, "you have listened to so much to-night, that it seems to me like presuming upon your patience to ask you to listen to another discourse; but as you have urged this upon me, I will break to you another loaf of the true bread lest you go to your homes fainting by the way." This second message was given to the hungry and thirsty to come to the fountain of salvation, where they could find a full supply to satisfy every moral and spiritual need.

As I continued to plead with the people to accept the offer of free pardon, I noticed that many were in tears; and when I gave the invitation to come to the anxious seat, to my joy and delight, upwards of forty came and threw themselves down before the Lord in a contrite and humble manner. This was a time of great power and deep emotion. Our meeting broke up about midnight, and we returned to the city feeling that we had accomplished a full day's work for the Master.

Returning to Jacksonville after finishing my work in Live Oak, I rested a few days with friends in the city. In consequence of a cold, easterly rainstorm, it was thought advisable not to attempt

any extra meetings until the weather cleared up, though Bro. J. T. Butler, pastor of the Church, was very anxious to have me remain with him for a few days. The weather conditions became more favorable and notice was given that I would speak at the chapel on Thursday night, and continue over Sunday.

At our first meeting an aged gentleman, from South Carolina, with several of his sons were present. He being a Christian was very anxious that his boys might be converted and join the Church with him. When the invitation was given to any who desired to become a Christian to stand, three of those young men arose, and with several others came forward and yielded their hearts to the Lord, and we trust were hopefully converted. This unexpected change in the young men gave the father great joy, as he mingled his tears of rejoicing with theirs of repentance.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

The following night a cold rain set in from the north, which interrupted our meetings, and we were compelled to give them up, as the people could not endure the cold.

Brief Visit at Charleston, S. C.

March 15th, 4 P. M., I left Jacksonville for the North, via the Atlantic Seaboard Air Line, reaching Charleston, S. C., next day at noon, where I made a two days' stop, visiting many places of special interest, and looking over the district where

the earthquake of previous years had done so much damage to the city. I was delighted with the city, its beautiful parks and drives, and also the water front and view of the harbor.

At Ocean Park we had a grand view of Fort Sumter, where the first gun of the Rebellion was fired. I had a conversation with an elderly gentleman concerning the war and its effects upon the South. He held, as many others have, that had the North redeemed the slaves by purchase, the disgrace and misery resulting from the war would have been averted, and over two million human lives would not have been sacrificed.

Revival Meeting at the African Ebenezer Baptist Church.

At night I inquired of the clerk of the hotel where I might find a religious meeting in the city. He said, "I do not know of any, as this is an off night for the churches; but there is a revival meeting going on at the Ebenezer Colored Baptist Church." He thought it poor judgment on my part to visit the negroes.

I started out and by inquiry found the Church, which was packed to the doors and hundreds outside struggling to get in. I asked if it was possible for me to get in as I wished to attend the meeting. The word was passed along, and two negroes came out and said, "Do you want to go in to the meeting?" I told them I did; then they picked me up bodily and hustled me into the building, landing me upon the platform where upwards of two hundred were seated, composed of preachers and singers.

The pastor, a stalwart quadroon, when he learned that I was from Massachusetts, introduced me to the audience, which accorded me a public reception. The pastor very cordially invited me to preach to his congregation, but I declined to do so, for the reason that I being a stranger, and a white man might excite curiosity and naturally turn the current of the meeting into another channel. The preacher of the evening was a young colored man, highly educated, who had his subject well in hand and presented it in a masterly manner. He took for his text the appeal of Moses to Hobab, "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord had spoken good concerning Israel." It was evident that the subject was fitly chosen and that the preacher had captured the hearts of his hearers who bore him along with their hallelujahs and vociferous responses. When the excitement would swell beyond the limit, the pastor would cry out, "Moderation, brethren, moderation!"

I found myself more than once being lifted from my seat by the tide of religious enthusiasm; not alone from the demonstration on the part of the people, but by the truth and the manner of its presentation. I think it was one of the best sermons that I can recall, because of its simplicity, earnestness and truthfulness. He located the Abrahamic covenant and promised inheritance to the spiritual seed through Christ in the new creation saying, "Now God to be true to his

promise must literally raise up Abraham and his spiritual seed to inherit the promised land. It was land which God promised to Abraham and his seed for an everlasting possession, and nothing but land will meet the covenant promise and oath of Jehovah."

As I had promised to speak for a few minutes at the close of the sermon, I could not well refuse after listening to such a thrilling discourse upon a subject with which I was so familiar. I arose to speak, but it was some time before I could be heard on account of the noisy demonstrations which completely drowned my voice. When the people became quiet I told them of the returning Christ, who is the only living heir to David's throne, the angel had declared he should sit upon forever. He it is who shall raise the dead, and translate the living saints and fill the earth with his glory. I also told them that Christ would be King, and his saints would reign with him forever, and that from every nation, tribe, kindred, tongue and people, the white-robed throng would appear with him in glory, having "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

"Let King Jesus come. Let him come and give us our equal rights in his eternal kingdom," was the shout that went up from the throats of seven or eight hundred colored people, who gave vent to their emotional nature.

I find myself unable to describe the scenes enacted by those enthusiastic colored men and women, who knew no limit to their excitement; neither

could they be restrained until their fire burnt out for want of material to keep up the flame. I was informed that about four hundred had united with the Church, which, of course, furnished material sufficient to keep the fire of religious enthusiasm burning for a long time.

CHAPTER XX.

MEETINGS IN WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE following morning I boarded the train for Wilmington. Arriving on time I was met at the depot by Bro. E. Fiske, who directed me to the home of Bro. Willie Reeves, where I was kindly entertained during my ten days' sojourn in the city. As I had been advertised to conduct a series of gospel meetings with the Church, I found it easy to comply with the wish of the pastor and his working members. The congregations were large at nearly every service, and seemed very attentive to the message we gave them from time to time.

I soon discovered that comparatively few of the many who profess Christianity knew much or anything about spirituality. They knew more churchanity and the doctrine which many Adventists believe, than they seemed to of those things which are absolutely necessary to fit them for union with Christ here, and for eternal life in the coming kingdom of our glorious King. I enjoyed much freedom when contrasting the difference between inward purification and spiritual power and that of mere outward form, and nonconformity to the teaching of Christ. On one occasion, when over fifty were

at the altar, I inquired of nearly all if they were saved. All but seven or eight said they did not know whether they had ever been converted, though they were all members of the Church. I said to them, "A theoretical or sentimental religion might serve for a Church organization; but it will not stand the test at the judgment seat of Christ."

I further told them (as they had been baptized) that water baptism could never wash away the stain of a guilty conscience. The conscience must be made good or right before the obligation is taken, as baptism is but the answer of a good conscience toward God, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. The blood of Christ was shed for the reconciliation of the sinner. The resurrection of Christ justifies the sinner who believes, while the gift and reception of the Holy Spirit qualifies the believer for service here and for eternal life in the world to come.

Bro. Wm. P. Israel came to Wilmington while I was there and remained some time after I left. At our last meeting with the Church there were several of the local ministers present who took some part in the service. They all spoke of the benefit they had received from the special meetings. The service was concluded with the commemoration of the Lord's death, which was deeply impressive. Some one remarked that "It might be the last time we shall eat together in the flesh." An offering was taken for my special benefit, amounting to ten dollars, which I received with gladness and went on my way rejoicing.

The next evening at five o'clock I boarded the train for Greenborough, N. C., where I remained over night and left in the early morning for Norfolk, Va., arriving there at noon in a heavy downpour of rain. Not finding my friends as I expected in the city, I spent the remainder of the day in a hotel where I rested until five o'clock when I boarded a steamer for Washington, and spent the night on the Potomac River, arriving at the capital at 7 A. M. I immediately boarded a train for New York, where I changed cars for Boston, arriving at the Terminal Station about 9 P. M. Crossing the city, I boarded a train for Lynn, and reached my home after ten o'clock and found my loved ones all well.

Having become so accustomed to travel, when off the road I felt that I was doing nothing for the cause unless on the move. It was not long, however, before I received a call to conduct extra meetings in Lowell, Mass., where I continued for about ten days. I found it rather an uphill pull from start to finish, as the chariot wheels dragged heavily along the way. I have observed that a minister may preach and preach and preach until his strength is exhausted, and that nothing will be accomplished unless the Church awakes from its spiritual indifference, and puts on her beautiful garments and girds herself with the breastplate of righteousness; then with the sword of the Spirit and the weapon All prayer, much may be hoped for.

How many golden opportunities to save impenitent men have been lost, through absolute

indifference. Some have said, "I'm not responsible for the failure of this meeting, as I was not consulted in relation to the matter Let those go ahead who arranged for the meetings, and then we will see what they can do."

This was about the color of things in Lowell when the effort was made; no one made a start, nor were there any signs of feeling in behalf of lost souls manifested during the meetings. Disappointed but not discouraged we closed our engagement, and said farewell.

My next engagement was with the Church at Taunton, Mass., where I assisted Bro. A. G. Lyon for two weeks. I hung up my chart, the "Stream of Time," and gave some special talks upon the signs of the times indicative of the approaching end of the age, which was received with marked interest by outsiders, many of whom had never seen a Symbolic Prophetic Chart; and to them it was more than a curiosity. We also mixed in some gospel sermons on repentance, faith, justification, purification, sanctification, conditionalism, glorification and final rest in the kingdom of the heavenly Redeemer. There were a few restored who had grown cold, and a number made a start for the first time for the kingdom; hence the effort was not without some fruit, whom we hope to meet in the better land.

CHAPTER XXI.

VISIT TO FALL RIVER.

MY next work was with the Church at Fall River, which was under the watch care of Bro. H. E. Thompson, a very humble and studious young man, whom I had baptized several years previously in Lynn, with other young converts who united with the Lynn Church. As I take a retrospect of bygone days, I recall many happy experiences in the Master's service. I am filled with joy to know that the Lord of the harvest has used me to bring in a few sheaves for his garner.

Among the several hundreds whom I have led into the baptismal waters, there are a few still living who are ministers of the gospel of the kingdom, and filling important stations in the great harvest field. If all the young men whom I have baptized had continued faithful to their vows, there would be quite an army doing business for the King. Our effort in Fall River was not without some results. The chapel was filled at nearly every service, and much interest was manifested by people of other denominations, who came in to hear something about the Lord's coming.

A Tilt With Spiritualism.

On one occasion while at Fall River there was present at the meeting a lady whom I knew in my childhood, and had met occasionally in later years. She had been a very zealous Christian worker, but recently had been drawn away into the delusion of modern Spiritualism. She invited me to call at her home saying, "Bro, Sederquist, I have found a new and better way to be happy, and I would like you to know what it is."

Accordingly one evening I called upon her before going to Church, and found her in a very talkative mood. I told her that I had called to hear about the new and better way she had found which had made her so happy.

"Well," said she, "you may not believe what I tell you, but I am in constant communication with my friends who have passed over the river, and they are revealing to me how foolish I have been in my former belief. My dear husband is standing close by your side and would like to speak to you."

"I have no objection to his speaking to me," I said. "Mr. Post, if you want to speak to me why don't you do so? Your wife says you want to speak to me. I see no reason why you should not if you can."

"He wants you to sing for him," she said.

I said, "If he can speak, why don't he ask me himself? Now, Mrs. Post, if you can see him, and can talk with him as you say, why don't you do so in my presence? If you can give me one demonstration by sign or sound from any source from—

as you say — the invisible world, I will give you ten dollars."

"Why," she replied, "the room is filled with spirits; and should I ask them to give me music you would hear such as you never heard before."

"Ah, Mrs. Post, you know better. I know, if there is any invisible agents at work with you, it is what Paul calls, 'seducing spirits,' or spirits of devils, leading you to believe the doctrine of devils. They are lying spirits, leading people away from the truth and from the faith of Christ."

I patiently waited and waited in vain, and so will all others who wait for the spirits of dead men, women, or children to communicate with the living. I know it is unpopular to believe what the Bible says, that "the dead know not any thing;" "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence."

I told her that the Bible taught that, "In the latter time some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." Also that John, in Rev. 16: 13, 14, says, "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." What follows this manifestation of spiritual wickedness? "Behold, I come as a thief.

Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame."

When I told her that modern Spiritualism marked the "time of the end," she dealt me a scathing rebuke saying, "Adventism is the only religion which denies Spiritualism in the world. I am sorry, Mr. Sederquist, that you have fallen into that terrible error of the unconscious state of the dead. Why, do you not know that even the pagans believe that death releases the spirit from the fetters of clay; and it immediately enters into the progressive spheres until made perfect. There is no death," she said; "it is only passing over the river, or parting the vail, when the imprisoned spirit steps out into liberty."

Such talk sounds very much like Gen. 3: 4, "Ye shall not surely die," or, ye shall not die altogether.

This Satanic delusion, which denies the existence of sin and the necessity of an atonement for the remission of sin, has swept throughout the civilized world, and captured the masses who believe in the natural immortality of all mankind. "Beelzebub, the prince of the devils," knowing that he has but a short time to deceive the Christian world, has succeeded in clothing modern Spiritualism in another garb, and to make it more attractive to refined and cultivated people it has been given the name of "Christian Science," which delusion would rob man of his moral accountability, by teaching him that there is no sin, no

sickness, no pain, no death, no evil, no devil, no punishment. This Satanic delusion also teaches, that God is thought, God is love, God is mind, and that man possessing such attributes, capable of thinking, of loving, and of reasoning, must be equal with God. If God is mind, and mind is God, and man has mind, therefore man is God. If God cannot die, and man is equal with God, neither can he die. Again, if there is no death, it is certain that nothing can die.

Here the devil made a junction with Spiritualism and settled the question of its unity, as propounded in Gen. 3: 4, "Ye shall not surely die." The most popular and attractive name which he could attach to his latest delusion was "Christian Science," so that its business could be protected by the State, and the delusion spread without let or hindrance.

After my interview with the lady, I left her with a stronger conviction of the divinity of the Sacred Scriptures and of their importance and truthfulness to determine the origin of these last day delusions than ever before. The glorious hope of the resurrection of the dead, at the second appearing of our blessed Master, never seemed so sweet and cheering as when I walked away from her home that evening in Fall River. The Lord blest our meetings with some substantial fruit, which we hope to meet in the coming kingdom of our heavenly Redeemer.

Experience in Divine Healing.

Believing that it will be for the glory of God and for the promotion of faith in his promises, I will give my testimony in behalf of what the Lord did for me on the line of physical healing, when it seemed probable that I must surrender my life to death's claim in a very short time. There were several occasions which are still fresh in my memory when the gracious Lord answered prayer in my behalf.

I will here relate an instance as far back as 1879, when I was seized with a violent cold that settled upon my lungs, which brought on a high fever, developing other dangerous symptoms; viz., congestion and labored breathing, that caused severe suffering. Bro. and Sister Bissell, of Lowell, called at our home in Lynn during the forenoon, and found me in a critical condition and suggested certain treatment to relieve my suffering, which at the time was not administered. When leaving us Bro. Bissell said, 'Be of good cheer, Bro. Sederquist, the Lord has not got through with you yet. You will live to preach the gospel for many years. Glory to God. I believe it. Hallelujah!"

During the afternoon Bro. and Sister Boutelle, of Chelsea, came to see if I would go to Chelsea that night and assist in a series of special meetings. The expected preacher was ill, and could not keep his appointment with them that night. He at once saw my condition and knew it would be impossible to comply with his request. When my wife came

into the room, having gone out to attend to some duties in another part of the house, he said, "Sister Sederquist, your husband is quite sick I see. It is too bad to have Bro. George sick. We wanted him to help us in Chelsea to-night." After pausing for a few moments he fell upon his knees in prayer saying, "Father, we find your child is very sick and he is your servant, and it don't seem right that he should suffer like this! We want Bro. George well, and we ask you to heal him as soon as you can, Father, that he may preach the gospel of salvation to the people."

While he was praying he laid his right hand upon my forehead, which was very soothing and comforting to me. Soon after leaving us I began to feel better and rising from my couch found the fever nearly gone and the distress in my lungs had ceased; my voice was restored to its natural strength, and, in fact, I was comparatively well.

The same night I attended a meeting at the Lynn Church where a revival was in progress, and supplied the pulpit in the absence of the expected minister, who was detained on account of sickness. I believe, yes, I know that the Lord healed me through the prayer of faith. To his holy name be all the glory, praise and thanksgiving forever and ever.

While in Springfield, Mass.

In the spring of 1883, during my pastorate in Springfield, Mass., I contracted a severe cold that settled upon my lungs and confined me to the

house and to my bed for several weeks. The doctor pronounced it pneumonia in a light form, which left me very weak with a bad cough. After I could go out, not feeling satisfied with the doctor who had attended me, I called at the office of Dr. Foster for an examination. He advised me to change climatic conditions as soon as possible, as the air was laden with malarial poison which was the chief cause of my weak condition, and unless I made the change I would grow worse. I immediately wrote to friends in Portsmouth, N. H., who in reply invited me to spend a few weeks with them at the seashore.

Accordingly, I started on my trip, stopping off at Lake Waldron for a day to attend a holiness convention which was in progress. We were compelled with many others to occupy an open building for sleeping quarters. During the night there came up a violent tempest of wind, thunder and lightning, and a downpour of rain which changed the temperature so that it became very uncomfortable, after the wind changed to the north.

As my lungs were in a very weak condition I contracted another cold, that brought on a relapse and before daylight I was in great agony. There was a doctor on the ground who gave me an examination, and found my case very critical and advised me to go home immediately. I then went to my couch and lay down for a few minutes, but found I could not breathe without extreme pain in my lungs which seemed to be filling up. I felt

that something must be done at once or I could not live but a short time. I left the pavilion and reached the tabernacle, where a prayer-meeting was being held under the leadership of Rev. F. Burr.

As soon as I had an opportunity to make my condition known I arose and requested special prayer for my recovery, at the same time I went to the altar where I was surrounded by several ministers who laid their hands upon me while they united in earnest prayer. I was in a state of suffocation with every breath I drew. As they continued in prayer some one cried out from the congregation, "He's healed! Glory to God! I have the witness! He's healed! Believe it, brother, you are healed."

I felt no change in my condition, as I continued laboring for breath. Rev. E. A. Stockman was kneeling by my side, and bending over me said, "Do you feel any better, George?"

"No, sir," I said. "I am in a terrible state; it seems as though I must die."

One of the ministers touched me saying, "Why don't you believe that it is done? According to your faith it shall be done."

"Stand upon your feet," said Bro. Burr.

I immediately rose from the floor and as I did so, I found that I could breathe as well as I ever did in my life, and leaping for joy I praised the Lord for deliverance from death. There was great joy and not a little excitement, as every one was shouting at once. Rev. A. B. Earle, the evangelist,

was present and made a note of the event. There are several other instances which I might relate of personal deliverance from physical affliction, similar to those already mentioned, but do not deem it necessary to continue the subject as this must suffice.

In giving the great commission to his disciples, the Master said, among other things of importance, "They shall lay hands upon the sick, and they shall recover." The apostle James has laid down in plain language in the fifth chapter of his Epistle, as the reader will observe by reading from the 13th to 15th verses as follows: "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms. Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." As there is nothing too hard for the Lord to do, why not cast all our cares upon him, for he careth for us. While the genuine article of divine intervention in behalf of the sick and afflicted is true, yet there is the counterfeit being practiced, and that in such close imitation of the genuine "that, if it were possible, they would deceive the very elect."

CHAPTER XXII.

MISSIONARY REMINISCENCE IN THE FAR WEST.

ON the morning of September 11, 1890, I took leave of absence from my family and the friends of my Church at Lynn, Mass., and at Boston I met Eld. Miles Grant, of Chelsea, Mass., in whose company I was to cross the continent. The train on which we took passage for Chicago pulled out of the station at 9.30 A. M., from the Fitchburg Depot, and was soon under full head of steam, threading its way through Massachusetts en route for Troy, N. Y. As our express train bounded onward through the country we passed many cities, towns and villages where the smoke from tall chimneys gave evidence that the wheels of industry were turning, and that American push and capital were hard at work, giving the sons of toil an opportunity to ply their skill in the various branches of industry.

The country between Boston and the Hoosac Tunnel, a distance of one hundred and forty-eight miles, presented a picture of much beauty to the eye of the traveler. As our train passed through the farming districts, we beheld broad meadows on either side, ornamented with thrifty-looking orchards, and substantial buildings tastefully painted,

which is characteristic of Yankee pride and neatness. In contrast with the deep green valleys and fields of growing vegetation, pretty homes and grazing cattle, the scenery changed as we neared the Berkshire Mountains, which, from base to summit, were clothed with a great variety of hues, from the deep green of the pine to lighter shades of green and the more delicate hues of early autumn.

Here nature in her mountain glory lifts her head in stately grandeur above the plains, as if looking down upon the sons of toil, who receive her cooling breeze and murmuring streams which bless those who inhabit the valley. Leaving North Adams at the western end of the Tunnel, our train, which was designated the "Troy Express," was soon speeding on, claiming the right of way over its own iron track. As we left the Berkshire range, every mile westward broadens the range of the Hoosac Valley district, through which the Hoosac River finds its passage.

Across the Continent.

At 4 P. M., our train pulled into the station at Troy, N. Y., where we changed cars for Chicago and intermediate stations. After a stop of thirty minutes, the bell rang and the conductor called, "All aboard," and away we went on our Western journey, tearing along through a farming district, which we enjoyed until the darkness of night threw its mantle about us, and each in silence, perhaps busy with their own thoughts, tried to

control their nerves, while the iron horse kept on its way under the guiding hand of the faithful engineer, whose vigilance is the price of the travelers' safety.

During the night our train was delayed on account of heavy rains which flooded the country, causing much damage to roads and bridges and ungathered crops. On Friday morning, Sept. 12, our train was running through the great oil region of Pennsylvania, where hundreds of wells were in operation, pumping millions of gallons of the precious fluid from the bowels of old mother earth. When one source of supply fails, another of greater magnitude is discovered, giving evidence that there is no limit to the wisdom, goodness and power of the Creator.

At six o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Ravenna, Ohio, where we found the rain still falling in torrents, causing much damage; washing away bridges and flooding the country. At midnight we changed cars at Marion, Ind., and reached Chicago at 9.45 A. M., Sept. 13. Bro. Grant and myself were transferred to the Chicago and Northwestern Depot on Fifth Avenue. Not having any friends to visit in the city, I was compelled to remain in the vicinity of the station all day and look after our luggage. The day was bright and very windy, which is characteristic of Chicago; as it is called the "Windy City." Chicago has a population of nearly two million inhabitants, and has been called, the "Paris of America," because of its wickedness.

Chicago is a cosmopolitan city, as nearly every nationality is represented in her population. Wealth, pride, intemperance and licentiousness, we are told, abound there as much as in any city on the continent. As a rule, the tide of immigration flowing into a country carries with it a current of pollution and vice, which is always degenerating, especially when intemperance and immorality is legalized, and crime goes unpunished.

On Saturday night, Sept. 13, we boarded the train on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, and were soon speeding over the plains at a fifty-mile rate, puffing and leaping upon the rails like a thing of life. Having secured a compartment in a tourist sleeper, I notified the porter that I would like my bed prepared, and soon I was ensconced in my sleeping quarters, where I began my struggle to overcome tired nerves, escaping steam, the rattle and clatter of the rolling and leaping car, before I fell into a state of forgetfulness. After sleeping about four hours, I woke on Sunday morning feeling refreshed, and happy in the Lord. After arranging my toilet, I opened my lunch basket and enjoyed a very excellent breakfast, which was prepared by my good wife in Lynn; for which I thanked God and took courage.

During the night our train crossed the State line into Iowa. The distance across the State of Iowa is about two hundred and eighty miles. The soil of the State is said to be very deep and rich; consequently, large quantities of grain, vegetables and fruit are produced annually. As we neared

the western boundary of the State, the scenery changed from the monotonous rolling prairies to more broken country, where ornamental and fruit trees surrounded substantial farm buildings, cattle sheds, and stacks of straw, which furnish provender and shelter during the winter.

At 3 P. M. the train rounded into the station at Council Bluffs, which is about three miles east of the Missouri River, where it remained until seven o'clock. Here we had an opportunity of seeing the town, and also the Sunday habits of some of the Western people; it did not take long to discover that the devil has a majority claim upon the masses of pleasure-loving worldlings.

At the Bluffs I chanced to meet several Indians, natives of Minnesota, with whom I had an interesting conversation in relation to their people. They seemed like intelligent and well-informed men, answering every question promptly, both on religious and secular matters. I sang several hymns, which seemed to please them as they bowed their heads in acknowledgment of their pleasure. After I had told them of the Saviour's love and how he gave his life for all mankind, I inquired if they loved the Lord. The answer came strongly, "Yes, sir; we do." Here I found an opportunity to drop a word by the wayside, thus "sowing beside all waters."

Leaving Council Bluffs at 7.20 P. M., we crossed the Missouri River and made a short stop at Omaha. As the darkness of night had settled down upon us, shutting from our view every object

outside of the car, and finding it rather monotonous to sit in solitude, I signaled the porter who, after receiving a tip, arranged my compartment; and soon I slipped into my berth for the night and began the long struggle ere I launched away into dreamland, where in the embrace of Morpheus I remained until the morning. Thanks to the All-wise Creator, whose goodness and love has provided for tired humanity such a restorer as sleep, which is nature's recuperator to both body and mind.

The train as it bounded westward made excellent time. As we looked from the window we saw the broad, open prairies stretching away in the distance, and the only things of life within the range of our vision were the little prairie dogs, which came out of their holes and sat upon their haunches and watched the train as we passed through their villages. Ascending the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, we passed through a wild and barren waste, where nothing but sagebrush and cactus can sustain life, either animal or vegetable. The scenery changed from the rolling prairies to a broken country of mounds and ledges, rocks, hills, and small mountains of sandstone, with strata of various colors, having the appearance of the work of art; but surely the hand of man had nothing to do with this kind of masonry. The train swept along at a careful speed, rounding curves and crossing deep gulches in its upward climb toward the summit of the great divide of the continent. Four and a half days from Boston, we

were at 12.45 P. M., central time, Sept. 15, at Cheyenne, 516 miles from Omaha, which is located at an elevation of 8247 feet above the sea level. The train stopped at the station thirty minutes, giving the passengers ample time to ramble among the rocks, hoping to secure something as a souvenir from this rocky elevation. At 1.30 P. M., the conductor called, "All aboard." Then everybody scrambled for the cars. Some came tumbling down over stones, and others were tripped by tangled vines or other obstructions which lay in their way. Finally all were safely in their seats. The bell rang, the train moved on, every one seemed delighted and interested in the scenery. We were still on the ascending grade which was becoming much steeper and the track more winding as we went around sharp curves, and encountered great boulders, cragged rocks and barren hills, dotted here and there with a growth of stunted sagebrush.

Before us high barriers rose in succession of frowning and cheerless granite peaks, while in the far distance were seen lofty mountains with their snow-capped tops, causing one to almost feel the chill of winter's breath. Slowly the train moved along on the face of sidling hills, and suddenly upon trestles crossing deep canyons through which passed swiftly-running mountain streams. We plunged into deep cuttings and dark tunnels and rock galleries, then entered and ran under long snowsheds, erected to protect the track from the accumulation of the mountain snow.

Onward we went through this wild and inter-

esting scenery for a few miles, sometimes almost taking our breath away as the train swept along the winding track, at times caused us to hold fast to our seat, when by sudden jerks and lurches of the train safety depended upon exertion to prevent injury.

We finally reached Sherman; this is the summit of the Rocky Mountains over which the Union Pacific System runs its trains. After a short stop to take water and fuel for the engine, we were again on the move, and soon neared the western slope of the Rockies, where the scenery is continually changing, and becoming more picturesque and exciting with every mile.

As the road crooks and winds around the everlasting hills, the car is ever tilting from one side to the other. Huge boulders were piled up in shapeless masses, and others had the appearance of broken columns of ruined temples, placed there by the hand of art. Gigantic cliffs overhanging the train were frightful to behold, as I viewed them from the rear platform of the train. We passed the Anvil, Pulpit and Quaker rocks, which furnishes much food for thought to the tourist. Nature's wildest exhibition greets the eye on every side, as every mile introduces something new to excite admiration and delight.

The train moved with such rapidity that objects near by, such as telegraph poles or small rocks, were passed so quickly that the keenest eye could not catch a glimpse of them to count them. Down, down, we went, where the walls of the mountains

seemed to frown upon us, then opened out into desert wastes, where no traces of life appear to the eye. We wended our way beneath precipitous bluffs and clinging as it were to the very sides of the cliffs, like the wild goats of the mountains. Two hours after we left Sherman, we reached the Green River Valley, where nothing but sagebrush and yellow sand was to be seen. Our train pressed forward at a forty-mile gait, heading for Ogden, Utah, which is forty-two miles northwest from Salt Lake City, "the great Mormon city of the desert." The mountain scenery in this region was sublimely grand, reminding one of the Bible story of the mountains which surrounded Jerusalem of old.

Our train stopped at Ogden one hour, then all changed cars for the various lines on which they were to reach their destination. At 2 P. M., the train ascended an elevation of 1000 feet above the plain, at a grade of 100 feet to the mile, with two ponderous engines dragging it to the summit. The roadbed was of solid rock, so there was no danger of breaking through.

On the western descent of this ridge of adamant the scenery is wild and uninviting. The great steam horse rushed down toward the vast American desert, where the train passed through a fierce sand storm, which reminded us of a New England winter blizzard. Here the wind blew at the rate of sixty miles an hour, lifting the sand just as it does the snow, and piling it in heaps; it also drives into the cars through the windows and cracks of the doors, until everything is covered with sand.

During the night we passed Battle Mountain station. The place in former years was much dreaded by tourists, because robbers held up the trains and took much booty from the passengers and escaped to their dens unmolested. The next stop was at Reno, where breakfast was served in the nicely-furnished dining-hall. We found here the supply equal to the demand, both in quantity and quality, as every thing which goes to make up an all-around breakfast at the low rate of seventy-five cents was in evidence. "All aboard" was called by the train starter, the engine puffed and away we went toward the foothills of the Sierra Nevada.

On the ascending grade in the foothills, the country is wild and picturesque, in contrast with the monotonous plains of the desert. Passing the stations of Vista Verdi and Boca we reached Truckee station at 10 A. M., where a brief stop was made and a second engine attached to the train. Leaving Truckee we began the ascent of the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. Passing over Strong's Canyon we entered the deep green forest of mountain pine, fir, cedar and sycamore.

We passed through many changes of climate, from the sweltering heat of the plains, to that of the cool mountain air, giving one a new lease of life, and making it a joy to live. Extensive forests of pine above and below us, stretched out as far as the eye could discern. Little woodland lakes, hemmed in by minor mountains, sparkled in the sunlight, lending beauty to the landscape. One of

those mountain lakes, in particular, was pointed out to me as the historic "Donner Lake" where the Gold Hunters, in 1849, perished in the deep snow of the mountain.

On account of the deep cuts, dark tunnels and long snowsheds, much of the beautiful mountain scenery was hid from view. Enormous ledges and battlements of rocks, jutting out from the mountain side, seemed to us that the hands of men of herculean strength must have placed them there in some remote period. At 12.35 P. M., the train reached the summit where a stop was made for lunch, giving those who desired an opportunity for a short stroll among the pines, at this elevation of 7142 feet above the plains. The scenery at this point was magnificent, because of its bewildering grandeur and sublimity.

Leaving the Sierra summit, we began the descent of the western slope into the Golden State of California. As the train moved onward there was nothing dull or monotonous; fresh surprises greeted us on every side. Away on our left hand and towering far up in the blue heavens could be seen tier after tier of mountains, with their gray sides and snow-capped peaks; while near by on the right, a roaring, dashing mountain stream of pure water, which is produced from melting snow during the warm months of summer; by which means the valley is supplied with an abundance of water for irrigation. The train swept on toward the setting sun, and was controlled by steam brakes, which is at the command of the engineer;

hence the importance of employing sober, trusty men, where human life and property are involved.

At Cascade, six miles from the sumnit, a short stop was made. Again we were on the move, and the train plunged into deep earth cuttings, and over trestles which span frightful gulches; then along high embankments and dangerous, blood-chilling precipices, where the eye catches a glimpse for an instant of a foaming torrent, leaping and rushing forward with deafening roar; lost in the dark abyss for a few moments, then to reappear again glittering in the sunbeams like a string of diamonds. The tourist needs strong nerves to meet the sudden changes and frightful experiences which naturally falls to his lot while passing through such wild and rugged scenery as this elevation offers.

Human nature can be educated to meet and encounter the most shocking and gruesome sights without flinching or fainting; but with the majority it is otherwise. Passing by the many stations on our downward movement we reached the great American Canyon so-called, because the head waters of the American river flows between the mountains, sweeping on through the valley until it joins the waters of the Sacramento River, and finally is swallowed up in the great Pacific Ocean.

As we passed along this dizzy height, looking through the car window, we chanced to cast the eye downward twelve or fifteen hundred feet below, where the river seems like a silver thread; then turning the head to the right we saw moun-

tains towering thousands of feet above us, as we swept around Cape Horn upon a shelf hewn around the face of the mountain. As we glided around this promontory, the scenery suddenly changed, and we were looking down upon the Sacramento Valley, which is yet many miles away. We were still on the downward move, plunging into dark tunnels and running at the base of craggy cliffs, then out into desert wilds, and again we plunged into dense forests of pine and redwood, and out again into sunlight. Our steam horse had ceased heavy breathing, and was forced downward by the momentum of the train. We made short stops at Colfax and Auburn.

Our train was due at Sacramento 6.30. The sun dropped its golden face in the waters of the broad Pacific Ocean, and the remainder of the journey between Sacramento and San Francisco was made under the cover of night. The express train left Sacramento at 6.45, and the next important stop was at Vallejo, where the train was run on to a ferryboat and we were carried across the river, bag and baggage. There was a long stop at this place caused by the change, of which I knew nothing, and when the porter came into the car I inquired the cause of the delay. He informed me that there was no delay, as we were being carried over the river. The passengers enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense. When the train men called out "Oakland! Oakland! All change for San Francisco!" everybody left their seat, and seizing hand bags, grip sacks, overcoats, lunch baskets,

wraps, umbrellas and everything else of value, left the train for the ferryboat, and crossing the bay we arrived in the city of the Golden Gate at 9.45 P. M., Sept. 17.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LANDING AT SAN FRANCISCO.

LANDING at the ferry in San Francisco affords the traveler considerable amusement. When the passengers leave the steamer and pass up the gangway, they are invaded by a hoard of hack and omnibus drivers, on the right and left, who pull and haul, grabbing at your hand baggage and screaming and yelling like madmen. It did seem for a time that some one would get trodden underfoot by those reckless creatures, who care more for your money than they do for your life. However, we escaped personal injury and boarded a transfer cab which landed us safely at the American Exchange. After a light lunch and securing a room for the night, we were soon in our quarters, far above the noise and clatter of the multitude who surged in the streets below. After reaching my room, I found it a great privilege to enjoy a bath; removing the dust, sand, and cinders which required more than an ordinary effort, as the long journey had subjected us to such unpleasantness for six days and nights, and is unavoidable in an ordinary tourist car. We were very thankful to our kind, heavenly Father for his watch care over us during the long

journey across the continent. We had passed over mountains and through valleys, ascending and descending, crossing and recrossing deep canyons, upon trestles and bridges, through extensive plains of desert wastes, along river banks with their swiftly-running currents, and a thousand places of interest, both of danger and pleasure.

Alameda Camp-ground.

On the morning of the 18th we left San Francisco and crossing the bay arrived at the Alameda Camp-ground at eleven o'clock, where we found a few of the faithful hard at work making ready for the meeting. They received us gladly, extending a hearty welcome to us as colaborers in the Master's service in this far-off Western field. The opening service of the annual camp-meeting was held at 6 P. M., under the leadership of Eld. H F. Carpenter, of Santa Clara, who after a short address turned the meeting over to Bro. M. Grant, which was both social and spiritual, and very helpful to all present. From the beginning to the close of the Convention, liberty, union and perfect harmony prevailed; perhaps not in denominational sentiments altogether, but in Christian fellowship, brotherly love, and unity of the Spirit all "endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace."

One could not remain long in the company of such Spirit-filled Christians and not catch the heavenly flame. There were about fifteen ministers present during the meeting, some of whom

represented the Holiness Association, while one or two were Baptists, about as many Methodists, and twelve Adventists preachers who took an active part in the work.

The leading themes throughout the Convention were the second coming of Jesus and preparation to meet him, which constituted holiness of heart and life; while the doctrine of conditional immortality, and the resurrection of the dead received much attention and indorsement as a prerequisite to a future existence. There were quite a number during the meetings who were brought into a deeper experience on the line of sanctification; having received the gift of the Spirit they took a firm stand for truth and righteousness.

At the last meeting, which lasted till after midnight, several were filled with the Holy Ghost as never before, and remained praising God until daylight, and left the ground rejoicing "with joy unspeakable and full of glory," when the Convention broke up at eight o'clock in the morning.

Several young men were set apart for the work of the ministry by the laying on of hands and prayer; we trust all will prove faithful to their vows and win many sheaves for the Master's garner, when the jewels are gathered. Surely this is a country where downright earnestness is needed to counteract the tide of infidelity which is sweeping over the religious world as a tidal wave, crushing and blighting all who are not grounded and settled in the truth.

After the close of the camp-meeting, we spent several days visiting friends in San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland. We met several old acquaintances from the East who entertained us royally, reminding us of former days. I had the privilege of preaching at the Pilgrim Advent Christian Church in Oakland several times; also at the Advent Christian Church in San Francisco; in each place the Lord gave us showers of blessing. There were many places of special interest which I visited, that I would gladly relate, could I do so in this narrative, but space will not permit.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR DEPARTURE FOR SEATTLE ON STEAMSHIP CITY OF PUEBLA.

ON Saturday, Oct. 11, 1890, a telegram from Tacoma, Wash., was received, telling Bro. Grant and myself that arrangements had been made for a series of gospel meetings to be held in Seattle; which called for us as soon as it was possible to reach there. Accordingly we attended to business immediately, sending our baggage to the Steamship Company's wharf. We purchased our tickets Saturday evening and were in readiness to leave on the morrow. At the hospitable home of Bro. D. J. Walker I was kindly entertained by his dear family, who are of the Good Samaritan sort, with open doors and big hearts, always ready to do kindness to the wayfarer. On Sunday morning I was awakened by Bro. Walker, who reminded me that the steamer sailed at nine o'clock sharp. I gave heed to the call and was soon in readiness to join the family in their morning's devotion and breakfast, which was awaiting us.

Immediately after breakfast Bro. Walker hitched up his team and drove to the wharf, where we met Bro. Grant, and we boarded the ship for

our first voyage on the waters of the great Pacific Ocean. "All ashore, who are not going on this ship," was called; and soon we could feel the throbbing of the machinery. The lines were cast off from the pier and the ship was backed out from her berth, and was soon underway heading for the Golden Gate, through which we passed about 10.30 A. M.

As we steamed out of the harbor we left Battery Point and Seal Rocks on our port side, while on our right the sharp, brown hills rose from the water, which seemed to say, "Good-bye, we hope to see you later." Onward we go regardless of the incoming tide that is sweeping into the harbor, to which our good ship pays no attention as she forges her way out upon the broad waters of the grand old Pacific.

On our starboard as we leave the harbor and turn to the northwest, we pass what is called, "The Devil's Sluiceway," a bold, projecting cliff, through which turbulent waves were throwing great volumes of briny spray high into the air. The ship is now under full head of steam and is leaving the Golden Gate at a full speed of fifteen miles per hour. As every mile takes us farther away from home and the religious associations of our New England friends, I could scarcely restrain the feeling of sadness which swept over my soul, that was akin to homesickness. I found that nothing could give relief to my trembling heart like a little talk with Him who stilled the blue waters of Galilee. For purity of thought, we find

it better to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, neither by listening to their putrid conversation, or in any way giving countenance to their evil ways.

It became noticeable that comparatively few of the passengers cared for anything sacred, as they were playing cards, smoking and drinking both wine and whiskey, giving evidence that God was not in their thoughts. We could see from the deck of the ship small villages, or fishermen's camps, along the coast and very near the water. As there are but few coves or safe landing places for fishermen, those who engage in that enterprise do so at great peril, the coast being rock-bound and bold, which make it dangerous for landing. Near our ship there were a school of whales playing in the water, which seemed to enjoy the sport of raising themselves half length out of the water, then plunging back again into the boiling deep with as much ease as a herring.

The Story of Jonah.

As I studied the movements of those monsters of the deep, my mind turned back to the story of one Jonah, who was sent out on a missionary tour to a great city situated in the land of Assyria; but fearing lest his ministry should prove a failure among the Ninevites, he secured passage on board a ship bound for Tarshish, paid his fare, went below, turned in and went to sleep (just like lots of other preachers have done). During the first night of the voyage, there arose a violent wind which

threatened the ship with destruction. The sailors, seeing their danger, became greatly alarmed and knew not what to do; so they began to call "every man unto his god," while they threw the ship's cargo into the sea to lighten the ship. But Jonah was down in his berth fast asleep. "So the ship-master came to him, and said unto him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." "Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for whose cause this evil is come upon us; What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou? And he said unto them, I am a Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land." "Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us?" "And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you: for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." "So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging." "Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights."

The story of Jonah and the fish has been severely criticised. Many look upon it as a legend, a myth, a fable without a foundation in fact. But the Christian finds it difficult to disbelieve what Jesus Christ has acknowledged as a fact. In answer to the Pharisee's demand, to show them a

sign of his Messiahship, Jesus said unto them, "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; but there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas: for as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."

He also said unto them, "The men of Nineveh shall rise in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: because they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and, behold, a greater than Jonas is here." Having the endorsement of Jesus attached to the story of Jonah and the fish we feel no hesitancy in proclaiming it to the world as a Bible fact.

Seasickness.

Seasickness is said to be the most dreadful affliction that can be endured by those who are unable to withstand the rolling and tossing of a ship when "rocked in the cradle of the deep." On the morning of the thirteenth the peaceful waters of yesterday became very much disturbed, as a fresh breeze sprung up from the southwest, bringing with it a rough sea, so that our good ship pitched and tumbled about, while mountainous billows swept along her sides, churning the water into foam and spray.

Everything that was movable was in motion, and became as restless as the ocean itself; so that no one could sit, stand, or even lie down, with the thought of remaining stationary for one moment.

Instability was the order of the day, as in whatever position or attitude one elected to remain, he most surely discovered that motion has more than two forms, causing the victim to experience many sudden physical contortions and unpleasant sensations, by being rolled, jerked, twisted, and knocked about like a football, without his choice or consent.

There were many of the passengers on the good ship City of Puebla who failed to respond to the call when meals were served, on account of seasickness; though the writer of this narrative felt not the slightest inconvenience from that disagreeable affliction during the voyage. Toward evening of the thirteenth, the dark clouds skirting the western horizon broke away, and those of the passengers who were able to be on deck witnessed a gorgeous sunset in the great waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Early on the morning of the fourteenth, I arose from my berth feeling very thankful to the Almighty Ruler of the universe who had watched over our individuality while curtained with the darkness of the night. As I came on deck I saw the sun like a ball of fire rising from behind the blue chain of mountains, which guard the western boundary of the continent. Dark clouds covered the sky, and soon the golden streak at the sun's rising was hid from observation, which was recognized by the officers of the ship as omens of rough weather. The ocean gave evidence of the oncoming storm, as the water began anew to roll and tumble, and toss its waves into angry foam which

broke upon the sides of the ship, causing her to plunge and rock like a plaything, so that those who had partially recovered from their experience of the former gale, were again compelled to leave the deck and seek shelter in their staterooms.

The Dinner Hour.

The chief steward ordered the call to dinner, but many who were at the table for breakfast were conspicuously absent, and the dishes seemed to enjoy the occasion as they danced about the table making their own music, and would have left it entirely had not the steward arranged the guard rail to protect them.

We noticed that several who had succeeded in satisfying the inner man at the dinner were compelled to pay tribute to King Neptune, who is very exacting in his demands upon those who are overtaken by storms while traveling over his watery domains.

Our gallant ship ploughed her way through the wild and boisterous waves which lashed her sides and at times washed her deck. Leaping from crest to crest of mountainous billows she sped like a thing of life.

To me the sight was grand, and the sensation was really exhilarating, reminding me of former days upon the briny deep. The howling of the wind and roar of the ocean seemed to awaken a weird feeling, causing one to imagine — after the darkness of night had settled down upon us — that fantastic forms were flitting about in the midst of

the foam which followed in the wake of our good ship. After each meal the passengers retired from the dining-room and sought the most congenial companionship; some in the social hall, some in the smoking-room, or in the most convenient places where they indulged in smoking cigars, spinning yarns, discoursing upon events of the voyage; and, in fact, it made but little difference whether it was business, politics, mechanical industry, farming, religion, or any other subject, that happened to serve for discussion. There are scarcely two who believe alike on any one subject, there being some particular phase of the subject which forms a nucleus for disputation; but none so apt as upon religious matters. Men entertain very strange opinions about God, Christ, salvation and the future state. Also upon the nature and destiny of man there is a great variety of views held, but scarcely any of them are in harmony with the Bible story of man's creation, his nature, or his destiny. After listening for upwards of an hour to a doctor, who, no doubt, was a scholar, and held the popular views which most theologians advocate; yet concerning the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead he had no faith whatever. I left the social cabin with the deep-rooted conviction that there was not philosophy, theology, or logic enough in the world to turn me away from the Word of God.

Upon reaching my stateroom I found my traveling companion, Eld. M. Grant, snugly tucked up in his berth, we occupying the same room. We passed the night in safety, and were out betimes in the

morning strolling about deck for exercise. At the stroke of seven bells, breakfast was called and we repaired to the dining-hall, where we were served with the usual supply of everything that was good. We could see from the ship's deck, though dimly, the outlines of the coast range of mountains on our right, and on our left some distance out to sea, we could discern an island and a broken reef of ledges upon which the waves were breaking with great fury. About an hour later we sighted Cape Flattery Rocks; a little later we sighted Cape Flattery Lighthouse, and soon passed up the channel between the light and a reef of ledges upon which violent breakers were pouring their fury. The sight was grand and awful, and the roar of the breakers was deafening and dismal beyond description. The danger point was soon passed and our gallant ship entered the Straits of Fuca and was heading for Victoria, B. C.

As the ship steamed up the straits, many little villages were seen along the shore, which we learned were Indian reservations, distinguished mostly by the smoke from their dwellings. These poor aborigines were driven by the white man to the very water's edge; should they now be pursued by the hand of civilization, their only escape from their enemies would be death in the great waters of the Pacific.

The long cherished desire of my heart was gratified, as I stood where I could look upon the extreme western boundary of the United States of America; where the waters of the Pacific washed her western shores, as the waters of the Atlantic

do her rock-bound coast in the far East. This point is located in latitude 49° north, but still the climate is far more congenial to the comfort of mankind than that of New England. Light frosts, and sometimes a light fall of snow are experienced here during the coldest period in mid-winter. The grass is green and flowers bloom nearly all the year round. The Straits of Fuca affords a beautiful sail of about four hours from Cape Flattery to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, and eighty-six miles from Vancouver across the Gulf of Georgia.

Sea Monsters in the Straits of Fuca.

During the run up the straits the passengers saw many objects of special interest, both upon the land and in the water over which we sailed. The water was exceedingly smooth, with scarcely a ripple only as disturbed by the numerous monsters of the deep, such as whales, porpoise, sturgeon and salmon which rolled and gamboled about in the water, spouting the spray high in the air; sometimes standing on end and chasing each other like so many schoolboys, or as athletes in a swimming match. Everybody seemed to enjoy the sport as on-lookers, but there were none who would care to take a hand in the sport.

At 7 P. M., the whistle sounded the signal to depart, and the quartermaster called, "All aboard who are going; and all ashore who are not going!" The lines were soon cast off and the ship steamed away for Port Townsend, Seattle, Olympia and Vancouver, B. C. Soon after leaving the wharf we

were enveloped in a dense fog, which caused much annoyance to the navigators of the ship, as they were compelled to use great caution. It was necessary to often blow the whistle, in order to avoid collision with other crafts on the sound. Under the circumstances sleep was a comfort much desired, but not enjoyed on account of the noise of the whistle, and because of the racket made when discharging freight at the several landings during the night.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUR ARRIVAL AT SEATTLE.

WE arrived at Seattle about 5 A. M., Oct. 15th; and going on deck were delighted to find our ship at her dock. During the forenoon, the friends who were interested in our visit to their city came down to the ship with a team and carried us to the quiet, Christian home of Bro. M. L. Massey, where his amiable wife gave us a hearty welcome, having arranged a special room for Bro. Grant and myself, and where we found a bethel of rest for three full weeks.

At the home of Bro. Massey we met Rev. Wm. Chapman, M. D., pastor of the Advent Christian Church in Seattle, who also received us with Christian courtesy, and whose acquaintance and fellowship we enjoyed much. Eld. G. W. Ketchum, a preacher of the gospel of the kingdom, extended to us his hearty greeting, assuring us of his support and fellowship during our stay in the city.

On the evening of the 16th, we held our first meeting in the little chapel "around the corner." There was a small company present, nearly all being Christians. The pastor selected me to conduct the service, which I did with great pleasure. As the people desired preaching I spoke from the text,

"Ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." The dear Lord gave liberty to the speaker and gladness to the hearers, who, when giving their testimonies, said the discourse had been a blessing to them, as their relationship to him who had paid such a price for their deliverance demanded all they possessed; and he should have it all.

On Friday night Bro. Grant spoke to the people, his subject being "Christian Holiness," which stirred the people to self-examination, and proved a blessing to several who had fallen away from thier first love.

On Saturday night I was invited to speak to the people again, and the message was accompanied with the power of the Holy Spirit. At the close two unconverted young persons come forward and gave themselves to the Lord. This gave me courage, and I felt more than paid for my long journey across the continent. Sent of God to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ is the grandest mission committed to mortal man.

On Sunday morning there was a large congregation present, many of whom had come to hear Bro. Grant, but for some reason he declined to preach, and naturally I was called upon. I tried to speak upon the "exceeding great and precious promises," but after speaking a few minutes under much embarrassment, I said, "Brethren and friends, I cannot understand the reason, but I am certain that I or some one else have made a mistake by my taking

the stand, for I have no liberty." I immediately stepped down from the pulpit saying, "If there are any present who have the Word, it is for them to give it."

To bridge over the disappointment Dr. Chapman, the pastor, arose and said, "Dear brethren and sisters, I am quite sorry that Bro. Sederquist has failed in his effort this morning to present this beautiful subject to us; but I will try to help him out the best I can." The doctor tried to gather his thoughts, and after talking for a short time said, "Well, I don't blame Bro. Sederquist for not trying to preach this morning," and sat down.

After waiting in silence for a few moments Bro. G. W. Ketchum arose and said, "I am glad that these strong preachers have failed this morning. I am a very weak brother and have often condemned myself because I have made so many failures when trying to preach. This morning's circumstance has given me more courage than a dozen sermons from a strong preacher."

There were several others who tried to take off the breaks and set the gospel car in motion, but the wheels would not turn. Some said one thing, and others something else, with the hope of lifting the meeting out of the rut into which it had stuck. The more they tried to get things moving the tighter the brakes set, until the pastor closed the meeting.

Our Meeting in the Armory.

Our first public meeting was held in Armory Hall, the largest place in the city, which was

secured by Bro. W. R. Hawkes, of Tacoma, formerly of East Boston, Mass., who paid all the expenses of the meeting out of his private funds. Bro. Grant hung up his mammoth chart from which he delivered a prophetic lecture upon the fulfillment of prophecy and the signs of the times, which was listened to with profound attention. After the lecture a social meeting was conducted by the writer, when upwards of a thousand persons remained; many of whom took part in the service. Before the meeting closed I gave an invitation to any who desired to become Christians, and to those who would return unto the Lord from a backslidden state, when quite a number responded and came forward and remained upon their knees a long time, seeking for that which would help them to live a pure life. This forward movement gave us much courage, and we felt like pushing the battle to the gate of the enemy. We were compelled to close the meeting after inviting the people to attend the services in the chapel.

The chapel being small, and far out of the center of the city, it was decided to change the meetings to Freed's Hall, where we continued for more than two weeks, with Bible readings at three o'clock and preaching each night at seven o'clock. Nothing was kept back which was important for the people to hear. True theology and positive Christianity were the subjects treated mostly; while the signs of the times, the nature and destiny of man was examined in the light of divine revelation. There were some who opposed

the truth through ignorance, they having been educated in the school of human tradition. It is a fact, "that it is much harder to unlearn error, than it is to learn truth." This we know by personal experience.

At the Sunday afternoon meeting it fell to my lot to preach the word, when the Lord gave me unusual freedom of utterance. When speaking upon the hope of eternal life and the saints' inheritance, I remarked, that modern theology was badly mixed with heathen mythology, which has descended to us from the dark ages; but Christians should not be disturbed when God's servants offer them the sincere milk of the gospel.

When I raised the question, whether immortality is an endowment of nature or a gift of grace, there were some who replied, "A gift of grace;" while others said it was an "endowment of nature." I replied by stating that both could not be true. If all mankind possess immortality irrespective of class or character, it follows that all men have eternal life independent of Jesus Christ; consequently, if that be true, his mission and claim has no foundation in human need. He said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish." If man can live eternally by nature, certainly eternal life is unconditional in whatever state he may spend eternity.

I stated, "The only place in the entire Bible where it is said that man shall not die is found in

Gen. 3: 4, where the devil said to the woman in the garden of Eden, 'Ye shall not surely die.'"

When I made the statement that the term immortal-soul could not be found in the Bible, a man shouted out from the audience, "I can find the term immortal-soul all through the Bible, sir; and you ought to be stopped! You are perverting the Scriptures and teaching a false doctrine to the people."

I continued my discourse with the hope that I might finish it in peace, but was frequently interrupted by this "mission tramp," who kept calling out, "That is not true."

For a while the truth glided along smoothly without interruption, until I stated that the dead know nothing, either good or bad, but must sleep in the grave until the judgment day. Peter says of David, the sweet singer of Israel, "That he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day;" and also that "David is not ascended into the heavens," but will continue to sleep in his grave until the trump of God shall awake the dead and call them to judgment.

At the conclusion of the service I was met by a man who seemed very much disturbed. He said he was "in perfect harmony with all good men who believed in the immortality of the soul; but this dreadful doctrine which you are preaching is heresy of the worst kind."

On the following night Bro. Grant gave a very clear and forceful discourse upon the origin, nature and destiny of man from a Bible view-point.

After introducing his subject he stated, that if any one had any questions to ask, he would answer them after the sermon. It was soon in evidence that Bro. Grant was master of his subject, as he struck out right and left, exposing the origin and spread of false theology, which formed the base of all false religion. His discourse was a masterpiece; it seemed to stir up considerable contention, which was apparent from observation rather than from interruption. When the opportunity was given to those who had questions, there were several upon their feet in a moment. Bro. Grant would permit only one question at a time, which served to check the spirit of controversy; and in proper order every question was examined carefully, and all resulted favorably to the truth. It was evident that the majority of Church folk present had no settled opinion of their own, but were dependent upon their teacher's opinions, from which there was no appeal.

Every objectional point was raised that is usually employed in the defence of the natural immortality of the soul; viz., "The rich man and Lazarus;" "the thief on the cross;" Paul's "desire to depart, and to be with Christ;" "absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord;" "the souls under the altar." These passages were all taken up by the elder in order, and explained in harmony with Bible exegesis, "common sense, and pure reason."

There were several strong opponents to the doctrine of conditional immortality, who later

acknowledged that they had received light on the subject, and would investigate still further. Our special meetings closed on Nov. 2d, when Pro. Grant gave one of his searching sermons on heart purity. Truly, it was a time of much joy, as well as self-examination, when every one was made to feel, that only "the pure in heart shall see God."

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 3d, we left Seattle for Tacoma, some thirty miles further down Puget Sound. The steamer on which we took passage was called the Grayhound, and we think she was rightly named, her speed being about twenty-two knots per hour. On our arrival at Tacoma we were met by kind friends, who conducted us to comfortable lodgings at the hospitable home of Mr. J. C. Ault, where we enjoyed the kindest entertainment during our stay in the city. Our first meeting at Tacoma was held in the Germania Hall, which has a seating capacity of several hundreds.

There were comparatively few at the service, mostly Christian people, who seemed to enjoy the lecture which was given by Bro. Grant from his mammoth Historic Prophetic Chart. The meetings were continued there until Sunday evening, when we had to change our quarters to the Business College Hall, which was freely tendered to us by the principal of the school. He attended several of the services, but was somewhat skeptical in relation to the doctrine of the atonement and of the resurrection of the dead. It became evident that the gospel which we carried to the people was not of the popular sort; or else the hall was not

sufficiently attractive to draw from the masses enough of the people to inspire courage and the hope of gratifying results.

The change in the locality, of course, affected the interest considerably, as the class who were interested during the first week did not follow us when we gave up the Germania Hall and made the change. We were informed by reliable persons that many of the pastors had advised their people not to attend our meetings; they represented us as dangerous men, because of the doctrines we were preaching. This, of course, had the effect of keeping some away from us, who had previously attended the meetings with apparent profit. There were a few who embraced the truth and publicly acknowledged the change in their views and rejoiced in their new-found hope. The effort in Tacoma was a failure as far as visible results in the conversions of sinners were concerned. That good seed was sown, we and the Holy Spirit are witnesses. We were not responsible for the condition of the soil upon which the seed fell. Our commission was: "Go ye, and preach the gospel."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CALL TO THE NORTHWEST.

NOV. 13th, at 4 P. M., I received a telegram from Nooksack, Wash., requesting me to come there as soon as possible, to assist in the dedication of their new chapel, which would occur on the following Sunday. I immediately consulted my coworker and finding him willing for me to leave him with the work, I learned there was a steamer going up the sound that night and would leave at 6 P. M. Packing my trunk and bidding my friends farewell, I immediately embarked on the steamer City of Washington. A short stop was made at Seattle, where freight and passengers were taken on board for the various stations along the sound. The night being dark and foggy, the steamer was run at slow speed. Besides they were compelled to keep up a continuous tooting of the whistle, which was one of unusual power, giving the passengers a shock at every blast. At 6 A. M., the steamer arrived at Fair Haven, where I was told by the officers to leave the ship and take the train for Nooksack. Here my baggage was put off, and I, as I thought, started for the depot, having given

my baggage to the drayman, while I with others started on foot through a drenching rain. When I reached the village, I inquired the way to the depot, and was informed that there was no depot in the town. I said, "Surely there must be a station here somewhere, for I sent my trunk and small baggage and paid to have it delivered at the station."

I stood dumfounded for a while, then turning around saw a man coming toward me. I inquired, "Can you direct me to the depot?"

"There is no depot," he replied; "there niver was and as it now looks there niver will be, sir."

"Well, can you tell me how I can get to Nooksack?"

"Nooksack! sure I niver heard of such a place before since the days of Adam. Sure I niver."

This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. I felt the hot tears start in my eyes, and a cry of anguish was wrung from my heart, "O Lord, deliver me from this awful condition." I then started off in the hope of finding my trunk, when I met another Irishman of whom I inquired, "Is there a place called a depot in this village?"

"Yes," he said, "there is such a place, but it is not a railroad station, sure! It is a camp where lumbermen stop nights and slape."

Finally I found my baggage dumped in the mud, with the rain pouring down upon it. I engaged a cabman who took my things to the wharf where I was told that a small steamer left every hour for New Whatcom, some two miles across the

sound, and where I would find a train leaving at 4 P. M., for Nooksack.

I paid fifty cents to have it brought up, and I said to the cabman, "I will give you fifty cents to carry it down to the wharf."

"You will pay seventy-five cents or I will leave it in the mud," said he.

Seeing that I was stuck in the mud and could not get out alone I gave him seventy-five cents. When we reached the wharf I said, "Is this all right for the steamer?"

"Yes; but you will have to wait a long time for the boat," which proved true.

Here I waited and waited for two long hours, but no steamer came. I began to mistrust that I was in for more trouble and crossed over to where some men were working and inquired if the steamer for New Whatcom landed there.

"No," they said, "it lands at the third wharf beyond."

Sure enough, I was stuck once more, and compelled to pay another fifty cents to have it removed to the wharf where the steamer landed. This constant shifting about caused me no little uneasiness and perplexity, as I became suspicious that I had not seen the worst that might happen before I finished my mission in this frontier country.

Finally the steamer came, which gave me some hope that I might reach the train for Nooksack. Landing at the pier in New Whatcom I was yet a long distance from the train, and another express was needed to remove my baggage to the cars. Here

I found instead of a depot, a long, transportation caboose car for the accommodation of the passengers, into which myself and baggage were placed.

This kind of accommodation was called by some of the frontier crowd, "roughing it." The experience I shall never forget; there were some eight nationalities represented, besides dogs, cats, hens and a pig, reminding me of P. T. Barnum's happy family in a circus cage. It was bedlam turned loose, when they all began to talk, each trying to tell their own story in to us an unknown tongue. Soon after starting the train, some of the crowd began smoking their pipes, which filled the car with noxious fumes of tobacco smoke. When I spoke to the conductor about the stifling and offensive smoke, he said, "If you don't like the style, you can get off and walk."

We finally reached the end of the railroad, and was conveyed five miles beyond to Nooksack by private team. On my arrival at my destination it was found that the chapel was not in condition for dedication, the plastering was dripping with water, not having dried because of the continued rain for many days. The new town of Sumas, several miles west of Nooksack, was being boomed by land speculators, and there was quite a rush to that center.

Arrangements were made at Sumas for some meetings, and I accepted the invitation. Bro. Rufus Stearns and his son-in-law provided a team, and we started for the new field. We drove over the worst corduroy road that I had ever seen. Arriving at the town an hour late, the people who

had assembled at the hall for worship, thinking we were not coming began to leave for their homes; but when they knew of our arrival, returned to the hall, where we met about thirty people, to whom we spoke the word of life. That night we were entertained by strangers.

On Sunday we held three services, which were not without fruit. The sermon of the morning was followed by several testimonies from Spirit-filled believers who set the truth on fire, making it decidedly warm for cold-hearted professors and hardened sinners. At 2 P. M., the place was packed with interested hearers, some of whom gave evidence of seriousness, and at 6.30 P. M., quite a number were present, who had ventured out in the darkness, through a downpour of rain and mud up to their shoetops. A Christian lady came in the rain and mud a long distance through the woods, carrying a small baby in her arms. Some one inquired why she ventured out in such a dreadfully dark night.

"Oh," she said, "I am so hungry to hear a gospel sermon. I have not heard one for a long time, and I felt that I must come."

When I became acquainted with the circumstances, and the distance she had traveled, it nearly overwhelmed me. There were several who came forward as seekers at the close of the sermon, and I learned later that a few of the number were converted and came out on the Lord's side.

In consequence of the heavy rain, dark nights and bad traveling we decided not to continue the

meetings. I was kindly entertained by Christian friends for the night, but spent it in much suffering from an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism, brought on by the wet condition of the country. When daylight came I inquired if there was any possibility of my getting to Nooksack, and was told that the stage had been taken off the route. Then I began to pray, asking the Lord to open the way for me to get out of the woods. I said, "O Lord, please send some one to my relief. If it please thee, O Lord, send help to thy poor servant."

It was not more than half an hour later, when a young man came to the house and inquired if I wanted to go to Nooksack. I told him I did. He said, "The team will call for you very soon." The driver, a young Frenchman, had put a bundle of straw in the wagon, also a rubber blanket for my comfort, and I was put to bed in a lumber wagon. About a mile beyond, the driver stopped and took on a Frenchman, two pigs, and a lot of household furniture, such as a table, pots, pans, kettles, wash boiler, and cooking utensils for his lumber camp near the Nooksack River.

As I lay in the straw holding an umbrella over my head to keep off the rain, and listening to the chattering of the Frenchmen, the squealing of the pigs, the rattle and din of pots and kettles, wash boiler, and every other thing that could make a noise, I caught myself laughing involuntarily, while contemplating the abrupt termination of my missionary tour in the great forests of Western Washington.

Arriving at Nooksack early in the afternoon, I remained with Bro. E. H. Carman over night. A meeting for the people of the neighborhood was arranged at the home of Bro. Carman, where I spoke to them upon the "great salvation." The following morning I took the stage for Lincoln, where I boarded the train for Bellingham; and at 6 P. M., took passage for Seattle on the steamer Eliza Anderson, arriving at eight o'clock next morning. I spent the day in Seattle visiting with friends, who gave me a hearty greeting, especially Dr. Chapman, pastor of the Advent Christian Church, who came to see me and ministered to my needs, as I was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism in my limbs. Having had enough of the cold rains and mud of Washington, I decided to seek more congenial climatic conditions, and at 6 P. M. boarded the steamship City of Puebla for San Francisco, Calif.

The voyage was uneventful apart from rough weather. A flock of seabirds followed our ship from Victoria, B. C., to the Golden Gate.

Our ship went through the storm in safety, and from Point Arena, one hundred miles from San Francisco, we had smooth water and a clear sky, which brought the passengers on deck, who greatly enjoyed the change from being tumbled and knocked about by the rolling and plunging of the ship, to a delightfully calm and graceful motion, making the remainder of the voyage very enjoyable. The steamer arrived at her dock at 9.30 P. M., Saturday night, when all the passengers

left the ship, and sought rest for the night. I spent the night in the Grand Hotel.

On Sunday morning, I made my way to the Advent Christian Chapel on Church Street, where I had the pleasure of hearing Rev. P. B. Morgan, an Episcopal minister, preach a very instructive discourse from the second chapter of Daniel. He dwelt chiefly upon the certainty and eternal duration of the future kingdom of the Messiah. Having never met the doctor before, I was delighted to make his acquaintance as I knew his venerable father, Rev. Ira. P. Morgan of precious memory.

By invitation of Bro. D. J. Walker I occupied the pulpit at night, being assisted by Bro. Thomas Howell, of San Francisco. On this occasion, the gospel became "the power of God unto salvation," to several who had been under conviction; but decided to follow Christ when the invitation was given to manifest their desire. Several professors who had lost their first love came forward seeking the Lord to "restore unto them the joy of his salvation."

The Church not having a pastor, the people seemed like sheep without a shepherd, and were exceedingly glad to have some one pray for them, and encourage them in the good way. Remaining in the city for a week, I held a few meetings and visited with the people. Several were converted and came out happy in the Lord. One dear woman left the chapel one night, under deep conviction, and was converted upon her bed. She said she

" dared not go to sleep until she confessed her sins to God;" and before morning she found peace in believing, and experienced great joy in the Lord. Shortly after her conversion she was taken ill and confined to her bed, but while her strength remained she talked to all who came into her room until her voice was stilled in death.

Work in Santa Clara.

Leaving San Francisco, our train arrived at Santa Clara, where I was met by Dr. H. F. Carpenter, pastor of the Advent Christian Church, and taken to his hospitable home; there I enjoyed sweet fellowship with him and his good wife. After a few hours' rest we were on our way to the house of prayer. The service was conducted by the pastor, and enlivened by the Holy Spirit. After the social service closed, the pastor introduced me as the speaker of the evening. I spoke from the text, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

It was evident, that revival power was among the people, and that some were under conviction. After the sermon the pastor gave an invitation to any or all, who felt the need of salvation to stand upon their feet. To his appeal several arose and came to the altar for prayer and instruction in the way of receiving the Christ as a personal Saviour. Several of those who came forward were there for the first time, and gave themselves to the Lord as best they knew, and later came into experience.

The special meetings were continued each night and over the Sabbath, which proved a blessing to many. At our last meeting, the pastor stated that I was far from my home, and had been on the coast for several months, and that my traveling expenses had exceeded my income from the people with whom I had labored; and that he would ask the people to give a generous contribution, to help me on my way. The amount given exceeded fifty dollars in gold, and added to this a check from Bro. Miles Clark, of Hartford, Conn., was handed to me in a letter by Bro. Carpenter, he not knowing what the letter contained.

Santa Cruz.

Having received an invitation from the Advent Christian Church at Santa Cruz, I took a train on the Narrow Gauge Railroad, and crossing the Santa Cruz mountain range I reached the city on the six o'clock train, and was met by the pastor, Rev. H. W. Bowman. Here I found the Church in quite a healthy state, as far as our doctrinal views were concerned, but there seemed a lack of spiritual power, and our chariot wheels moved heavily as we tried to forge our way on an upward grade. We called for seasons of special prayer, for the anointing of the Spirit, and at each season some one was blessed with a special endowment of power, and came into spiritual liberty.

Our afternoon meetings were seasons of great help to quite a number, who received the Holy Spirit as they had not known it before. The

preaching and social meetings were greatly improved, and sinners began to feel the power of conviction and began to seek the Lord.

The last Sunday of the special meetings were attended with power and salvation. I spoke in the morning on the signs of the times, which indicate that the coming of the Lord was "near, even at the doors." There were a number of young men from the Young Men's Christian Association who became deeply interested in the theme presented. The secretary being present invited me to speak to the young men at two o'clock. Before the service began in the hall, several singers went out on Pacific Avenue and held an open air service, which attracted a motley crowd of all-sorts, including quite a number of Chinamen, who joined the crowd and filed into the hall, filling it to the limit.

After a service of gospel songs, conducted by a chosen band of young men who seemed to put their whole soul into their work, I was introduced to the congregation as the speaker of the afternoon. My subject was addressed entirely to young men, which I divided under four heads:

First, "Their influence in the world for good or evil."

Second, "Their opportunities as the bulwarks of society."

Third, "Their possibilities for leading their associates to God."

Fourth, "Their strength needed to pull down the strongholds of vice."

I used the last words of David to his son

Solomon, "Be strong, and show thyself a man." I referred for illustration to the lives of some of the greatest men who have blest the world, that began early in life to show themselves men for God. I took Jesus of Nazareth as the greatest example, showing his love for humanity in his outward acts, by healing the sick, curing the blind, casting out devils, feeding the hungry, cleansing the lepers, raising the dead and preaching the gospel to the poor. While I continued to present Christ to them as the ideal man, there were not a few who showed signs of deep emotion, and when I sat down, the secretary called for responses. Quite a number of men stood up, and raised their hands, by doing so declared their intentions to become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our special meetings at the Blessed Hope Church closed on Sunday night, with a full house of intelligent people, who listened attentively to a discourse from the text, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." After the sermon about sixty testimonies followed; many of those who spoke told of the benefit they had received during the meetings; some on one subject, and some on another, but all praising God for salvation and the blessed hope of soon seeing Jesus.

As a crowning benediction, just before the close of the service, the treasurer stepped to the platform, and in very touching words in behalf of the Church and congregation presented the writer with

a purse containing eleven shining five-dollar gold pieces; which the recipient acknowledged in the spirit of the Master. A brief address by the pastor followed, in which he acknowledged the blessing that the Lord had sent to his heart, and also to his wife, both having come into an experience they never knew before. As the congregation filed out of the chapel after a hearty hand shake, all who could sing joined in and sang, "God be with you till we meet again." This closed our mission on the Pacific Coast for the present, and as we turned away from the pleasant associations to begin our long journey across the continent to our home in New England, we felt a wave of sadness sweeping over our soul at the thought that we might never again meet those kind friends this side of the judgment.

On Monday morning, at 8. A M., I left Santa Cruz, via the Narrow Gauge Railroad, passing through the Big Tree grove, where stand upwards of one hundred of those giants of the forest, many of which measure four hundred feet in height, and from twenty-six to thirty-three feet in diameter. The tree called the Giant stands in the center of the grove, 385 feet in height, with the loss of 55 feet broken from its top. The tree measures 87 feet in circumference. There is something awfully grand and solemn in the presence of this family of redwood giants. Leaving the grove we encountered sharp grades and long dark tunnels, clinging to the steep sides of the great canyon until we reach the summit of the Santa Cruz

Mountain; when changing the grade we soon reach the valley, and our train sped on for Oakland, which we reached at 1 P. M.

Crossing the bay to San Francisco, I called at the office of D. J. Walker, and later visited his home on Church St., where I spent the night. On the following night I had a meeting at the chapel. I spoke to the people from Isa. 55: 6, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." A deep impression was made upon one young man, whom I met at the close of the service. We prayed for him, commending him to the Lord for salvation. The following day I received a telegram from Los Angeles, inviting me to visit the little flock and hold some meetings with them before leaving for the East. I immediately packed my belongings, and at seven o'clock next morning bade farewell to my friends, and left the city for Oakland, where I boarded a train on the Southern Pacific Railroad for Los Angeles.

Soon after leaving Oakland, I discovered that the train was skirting along the shore of San Francisco Bay, which was picturesque and grand, when by a sudden sweep our course changed, and we were running along the banks of the Sacramento River in a southeasterly direction. The first stop our train made was at Antioch, which is situated near the confluence of the American and Sacramento Rivers.

Leaving Antioch our train passed along the banks of the Sacramento River for Ellisworth, where a short stop was made. Leaving Ellisworth

our train ran through the beautiful valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, which lies between the Sierra Nevada and the coast range, and is said to be the richest district on the continent for agricultural industries, especially for wheat, that yields both in quality and quantity the best in the world. In the absence of forest fires, the atmosphere is delightfully transparent during the winter months, affording the traveler the advantage of seeing the country at the greatest possible distance. On our left hand in the distance, the Sierra Nevada Mountains lift their snow-capped peaks into the blue heavens, making the contrast with the green valley both picturesque and sublime.

During the night our train encountered the transverse range of mountains at the southeast extremity of the valley. The passage through this barrier is very difficult, as the grade is exceedingly steep and the track very crooked. This cliff of adamant was overcome by long tunnels, and skillful engineering and looping those dangerous mountain gorges. We encountered about two hours of this sort of riding. When passing through those long tunnels our sleeper was filled with smoke and cinders from the engine that nearly suffocated the passengers.

At daylight I arose and prepared for sight-seeing. The train having passed through a long, smoky tunnel, I was just in time to get the first glimpse of the country at the sun rising. The country scenery afforded but little pleasure, as sand mounds, ledges and barren wastes constituted the

landscape, until we entered the fertile valley of the San Gabriel. At 8.40 A. M., we pulled into the station at Los Angeles, where I soon found friends from New England, and was welcomed to their hospitality, and made arrangements for the meetings. At 10.30 A. M. on Sunday, we met at Campbell's Hall, and was greeted by a small company to whom I gave a gospel discourse from John 3: 16. First, I dwelt chiefly upon the love of God, as the moving cause of human redemption. Second, I presented Jesus as the active cause by which it was procured. Third, the Holy Spirit as the efficient cause by which salvation is obtained, and that by faith in the gospel.

During my morning discourse I was bound in spirit, and felt certain that there was a hindering cause which I could not explain. At 3 o'clock I spoke from a chart called the "Broad and Narrow Way," which had the desired effect, touching many hearts, and resulting in the conversion of two who turned to the Lord from the error of their ways.

As arrangements could not be made for a suitable place to hold our meetings, and because of a division existing among the few brethren of the place, I thought it best not to continue with them any longer. I also experienced much anxiety on account of a dream which I had the first night I stayed in the city. My mind became so much disturbed that I was almost beside myself, and did not know what to do for a time. I found that a train left at 12 M. for the East, and without consulting any one hustled my baggage to the station, and in

due time I was on the train headed for New England.

After leaving Los Angeles our train passed through Highland Park and Lincoln Park before reaching the city of Pasadena. Passing onward through the valley we made several stops before arriving at San Bernardino where we stopped for supper. Leaving Bernardino at 8 P. M., our train headed for the foothills, where the up grade is noticeable, as we moved on to Hesper, Victor, Oro Grand, Point of Rocks, and Cotton Wood; our next stop was Barstow, where all changed cars for the various points of destination. At 10 P. M., our train left Barstow for Dagget, Newbury, Haslett, Lavic, Ludlow, Ash Hill, Siberia, Bagdad, Amboy, Bristol, Cadez, Danby, Edison, Goffs, Homer, and Ybex. From this station our train had a struggle while climbing the Colorado Mountains, reaching the Needles about two o'clock in the morning. At this point we were about seven thousand feet above the sea level.

As darkness enveloped our train, and the lights were out, I was compelled to wipe my pen and lay aside my journal. In the morning our train went through a very wild extent of desert lands, of which there was such a sameness that I lost all ambition to make further notes during the balance of our journey across the continent. Our train reached Chicago in the morning of the fourth day from Los Angeles, and two days later I reached my home in Lynn in one of the worst sleet storms which New England had experienced for many

years. Since 1890, when I first crossed the continent, I have visited the Pacific four times. My last trip to the Pacific was made in the fall of 1901, when I visited Vancouver, Seattle, San Francisco, Oakland, Napa, Santa Clara and Los Angeles. During the last ten years I have preached the gospel in several New England States, besides making frequent trips to the Provinces, where I have endeavored to encourage the brethren to "contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

CHAPTER XXVII.

MISSION AT DOUGLASTOWN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

IN the autumn of 1896 I received a letter from a lady living at Douglastown, N. B., situated on the Miramichi River, asking if it were possible for me to visit that place and give the judgment message to the people; as they were in total ignorance upon the subject of the Lord's coming. All the lady knew of me was what her husband had told her; of meeting me at the Lakeside Camp-meeting several years previous. After praying over the matter for a while, I began to feel a desire to visit the place, and wrote her accordingly. Not caring to go alone, I wrote Bro. J. A. Gardner asking if he would like to go with me on the mission. He replied, "I would like to go, but am not quite ready to go now, but will go later."

I intended to leave Boston by steamer on Thursday morning for St. John, but was detained on account of a heavy northeast storm, which was raging along the coast. During the morning while attending to matters about the home, I was suddenly impressed to donate a ton of coal and a barrel of flour to a poor widow in our neighborhood, whom I knew to be worthy. I told my wife

of my impression, which she thought would be a good thing to do, if I had the money to spare. I told her that though I was short of money, I felt it to be the Lord's leading, and believed it would come out all right. As soon as the question of finance came up, doubts came also as to whether it would be just right under the circumstances to use the money for that purpose. I found, that to reason with the enemy I would lose the blessing of the cheerful giver; consequently I ceased questioning and went immediately to the store, paying cash for the coal and flour. I defeated the enemy, and returned home with a good conscience, praising the Lord.

During the afternoon I went to Boston to consult the steamship company's officials concerning our connecting at Portland for St. John on the following day. I explained to the clerk in the office that I had an appointment at Douglastown for Sunday, and greatly desired to reach there Saturday night, if possible. When the clerk in the office knew who I was, and the object of my mission, he excused himself for a few moments and went out. When he came back he handed me an envelope saying, "I saw Mr. Waldron, general superintendent, who authorized me to give you this pass to St. John and return."

This was a great surprise to me, and wholly unexpected. I heartily thanked him for his kindness, but he said, "Don't mention it. It is all right."

The fare to St. John and return to Boston was

the exact amount which I had paid for the flour and coal out of my limited funds. This experience was worth much to me, demonstrating the fact, that the "Lord loveth a cheerful giver." On the following day I took the noon train for Portland, reaching there in time for the St. John boat which sailed at 5.30 P. M. In consequence of unavoidable delays, the ship did not arrive in St. John in time to make connections with the train for my destination. After landing at St. John, and finding it impossible to reach Douglastown before Tuesday, I began to inquire of the Lord what he would have me do? The inner voice said, "Go to Digby, and spend the Sabbath with friends at Bear River." I learned that a steamer left for Digby at 2 P. M., and I had just time to reach the pier, and leaping on deck we were soon on our way. Reaching Digby at 5 P. M., I boarded the train for Bear River where I took stage for the village four miles beyond.

While calling upon friends, I was informed that a preacher from Lynn was engaged for the pulpit for the Sabbath. Though I felt I would like very much to preach to those people whom I loved and had known so many years, yet I did not express any outward wish to have it so. However, on Sunday morning I attended the social service, which was a love feast indeed to my hungry soul, and to all others who knew the Lord.

The Lord Will Provide.

As Bro. Ruggles, who was the leader of the meeting, was about to close the service he re-

marked, "As we have two preachers here to-day, both from Lynn, I will leave it with them to say who shall be the preacher for the afternoon." In reply I stated, "I do not wish to interfere with the other man's appointment, as I am here under very strange circumstances. The dear Lord knows the reason why." It seemed to be the general wish that I should be the speaker for the afternoon, to which I readily consented.

The tabernacle was packed to the door by a representative congregation, to whom I gave the message as the Spirit gave utterance, which proved a heart-searching time. During the sermon many hearts were made tender, and tears flowed freely from many eyes, and several requested prayers before the service closed. There were not a few who urged me to remain with them for a while. I declined to accept their appeal on account of the engagement in New Brunswick, saying, "If it is the Lord's will, I will arrange to come later."

When I was about to leave the people, the treasurer of the Church poured the collection of the afternoon into my pocket, amounting to five dollars and fifty cents. A good brother, who lived a mile or more from the Church, took me to his home to rest for a little while before leaving for Smith's Cove where I was to spend the night. While waiting for the team which was to carry me to my destination, two brethren from the village came to intercept me, and tried to persuade me to stay with the Church; but I told them that it was now impossible. When they saw that I could not

do as they desired, they each handed me a five-dollar bill, which they told me to use as I should need.

Having spent the night with my sister at Smith's Cove I awoke early on Monday morning, and after breakfast and devotion, bidding my sister good-bye, boarded the train for Digby, where at 2 P. M., I took passage on the steamer for St. John, arriving in the city about sunset. At six o'clock the following morning I boarded the train for Douglastown where I arrived about 3 P. M. I finally found the home of Mrs. Wood, the lady who had corresponded with me. She met me at her door, and when she knew that I was the one whom she had invited to preach the gospel of the kingdom to her neighbors she burst into a flood of tears. When I inquired the cause of her grief, she said:

"It is because I have no place to entertain you. A man promised to furnish a room and board, but when he found out that you were an Adventist he positively declined to admit you to his house."

We finally prayed over the matter and decided, if I could not find lodgings in a house I would try for a barn.

After I had eaten dinner and rested awhile, I started out in search of a boarding-place, but was compelled to give up the search, not finding a place to lay my head. He who came to seek and to save those who were lost said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

These words of the gospel have often been a comfort to me when traveling in strange countries and among strange people; yea, among those who profess to be the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. How oft have I sat down in some lonely spot, unseen by human eyes, and given vent to the anguish of my broken heart.

I have said but little in this sketch of my travels and labors, concerning my hardships and the cold and unchristian treatment which I have experienced during the long years of my pilgrimage. During the time I was out in search of a lodging for myself and Bro. Gardner, whom I expected within a day or two, a lady across the street gave the loan of a nice bed to Mrs. Wood, which was brought over to her house, upon which Bro. Gardner and myself slept during our stay in Douglastown. Bro. Gardner had left his Church in Providence, R. I., to assist me in the fight with prejudice, superstition and rank religious bigotry. We secured the Town Hall for an indefinite time, but was notified at the close of the first meeting, that we could have it no longer, as we were dangerous men in the community.

Finding that the selectmen meant business, we offered no resistance, and recalled our appointment for the following night. However, a Mr. Malcolm, a Scotch Presbyterian, arose and said:

"My friends and neighbors, I have listened to these men to-night and believe they are Christian gentlemen, and it seems disgraceful to turn them out of the hall since they have come to do us

good. I will say, I own an old school building, which is much out of repair, which they are welcome to use while they stay in the place, if it can be fixed up and made respectable."

The following morning a band of young men and girls turned out with shovels and hoes, hammer and nails, pails and mops, scrub brush and brooms, and whatever else was necessary, and soon a wonderful change was made in the appearence of the old building. A young man who became interested in the truth procured a hayrack and scoured the neighborhood for chairs, benches and loose lumber which we converted into seats. The people seeing the bitterness of the religious element, turned toward us in their sympathy, and gave all the help they possibly could. A lady sent in her cabinet organ, which helped us much, adding to the interest of the meetings.

Notwithstanding the bitter opposition manifested we had the pleasure of baptizing several rejoicing believers, who braved the taunts and jeers of the scoffing crowd that assembled to witness what they never saw before, a baptism by immersion.

As above stated, when starting out on this mission, the Lord moved me to donate a ton of coal and barrel of flour to a poor widow and her fatherless children, which I promptly obeyed, and left the blessing behind. Another blessing was in store for another widow and her fatherless children at Douglastown.

The fifteen dollars which I received at Bear

River while in transit to the mission field, I used to purchase food supplies for the family who kindly sheltered us during our stay in the place. Knowing that the family was without any visible means of support, I watched my opportunity while the mother was out caring for a sick neighbor, to ascertain if possible the contents of her larder; and when I knew the facts I went to the store near by, and laid out the fifteen dollars for provisions and had them brought into the house before she returned. When she came home she began to look around suspiciously, noticing that things had been disturbed. She opened her storeroom door and when she saw what was there she shrieked out, "O my Lord, what does this mean!" Then gave way to her feelings of surprise and gratitude in a flood of tears, while Bro. Gardner and myself tried to comfort her.

Visit to Newcastle.

As we closed our meetings at Douglastown, Mr. Erving, high sheriff of Newcastle, having become interested in our meetings, invited us to visit his town and hold some meetings. This we consented to do, and on the following day reached the town and secured the Temperance Hall, where we were greeted by a fine-appearing class of people at night. We occupied the hall four nights, and were very kindly received by the Christian people, but had to relinquish our right to the hall and seek quarters elsewhere. Mrs. McLoud very kindly offered the use of the W. C. T. U. building

in which to continue our services, but by changing the locality we lost our grip on the congregation, and gave up the meetings. We discovered that the soil in that section of New Brunswick was too fallow to produce a healthy crop of Second Adventists, from a Bible standpoint; hence we bade our kind friends farewell, and boarded the train for St. John.

During our sojourn in the town, we occupied a well-furnished room in the jail in which several criminals were confined for various crimes; Bro. Gardner and myself had frequent talks with some of them. One night while the sheriff and his family were attending a meeting, one of the criminals, a murderer, by some means obtained a saw, by which he sawed off a bar of steel, and working himself through a transom window, made his escape. This feat of criminal ingenuity was indeed a marvel, as it seemed almost impossible for a human being of his size to work himself through a space of about six inches; but he did, and made good his escape. We learned, however, some time after leaving there, that the prisoner was captured after a long and troublesome hunt.

A Personal Interview.

One morning during our stay with the sheriff, we were visited by one of the officials of the Presbyterian Church (an elder) who desired to have a talk with us upon our peculiar views. He said:

"I have been informed, that you were preaching very strange and dangerous doctrines."

"Well, what is it you hear we are preaching?" I inquired.

"We hear that you are preaching that men must be saved here and now, or they will never enter heaven. And, further, that only the pure in heart shall ever see God."

"Yes, we are preaching that surely. Does not the Bible say that?"

"Yes, it says that; but it also says, that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' And it says also, that 'the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil;' and that there is no good thing dwelleth in man. I think that you might be about better business than preaching such stuff as I hear you are doing. Yes, and more than that, we hear that you are preaching that the kingdom of God is not set up yet; nor can it be until the Lord comes back, then he will set up his kingdom upon the earth. Now, did you ever hear anything like that? when the Bible says, that the kingdom is set up in the Christian's heart; and also that no man can know that he is saved, until he is dead. Ah, my friends, ye know it not aright; ye are far astray from knowing the kingdom."

"But, brother, is not the kingdom of God a holy place, in which only the holy shall live? If the kingdom is set up in the heart, and the heart is as you describe it, like a cage of unclean birds, 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' do you not think that God has made a great mistake in setting up his kingdom on such a vile territory?

You say also that a man cannot know that he is saved until he is dead. How can you make that go with the Bible statement, that the 'dead know not any thing?' That 'his breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.'"

"Ah, my friends, it is wasting time to talk about things of which we know nothing. I'll bid you good morning, I must be going."

And off he started, perhaps thinking be had given us some hard nuts to crack.

The sheriff followed him out into the yard, and when he returned reported that the elder was very wrathy, and had told him that we were very dangerous men, and that he ought not to harbor us, as we would lead them astray; but the sheriff laughed at his folly, and said, "I will keep them a long time if they will only stay."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SPECIAL CALL TO THE FAR WEST.

THERE are some special incidents connected with my mission travels in the far West, which I have omitted to state in consecutive order, for the reason that they occurred at a later date in places where I had labored previously; hence they were not reported in my journal, but will now be written from memory.

In June 1895, I crossed the continent, in reponse to an urgent call from the mission field in Washington and British Columbia, to engage in tent work in places where the special judgment message had not been carried, as is understood by our people. After praying over the subject and considering it carefully, I decided to go if sufficient means to bear my expenses to the Pacific were furnished.

Meeting our venerable Bro. Albion Ross, in Dover, N. H., I read to him the letter from the West, and asked him what he would do under the circumstances?

He replied, "If I felt certain the call was from the Lord, I would ask him to furnish the means to reach the field; as he knew I could not walk

there. Say, George, why not put a notice of this call in *The World's Crisis* and let the people know about it."

I accepted his advice and sent a notice to the paper which was published. In less than two weeks I received upwards of one hundred dollars from friends in New England; and a check of fifty-five dollars from W. R. Hawks, of Tacoma, Wash., who offered to furnish a tent and go with me in the work.

Accordingly I made ready and was soon on my long journey across the continent. Arriving at Seattle, I took a steamer for Tacoma and visited Bro. Hawks, who informed me that the tent would be at Blain City ready for the work within a week.

On the following day I took steamer for Bellingham, in the Puget Sound district, where I visited with friends, and preached two nights at the Presbyterian Church, and at the Baptist Church over Sunday, where we enjoyed a day of joy and gladness in the name of the Lord.

Receiving word that the tent had reached Blain, I immediately started for my new field of gospel work. I providentially met two very kind Christian brethren of the Methodist Church, who aided me in securing a vacant lot upon which our tent was pitched, and soon our little white meeting-house was up and seated, ready for divine service. As our people were not known as a denomination in that section of the country, I entered the field as an independent evangelist and preached an all-round gospel, such as Jesus and his

apostles preached to both Jews and Greeks. I was received kindly by the laity, but the pastors did not take kindly to me, I suppose because of my independent attitude. There were rumors floating about that I might be a Mormon, but it was certain that I was not evangelical, because I had not consulted the clergy in relation to my presence as a Christian worker.

When I was questioned in relation to my belief, I simply told the people to come to the meetings and there I would tell the public what I believed, and why I believed what I was preaching. The congregations were large and orderly as a rule, and gave excellent attention to the messages I gave them. The hope of the gospel was set before them in a way which they were not accustomed to hear it, and which stirred up some of the thinkers to ask questions.

One dear old man inquired, "Do you believe that Whitefield, Fletcher, Wesley and a host of other sainted men, are sleeping in their graves?"

In reply I said, "If those men you speak of were buried in the grave, it is certain that they are still there, unless they have been resurrected; and since the resurrection of the sleeping saints does not occur until the return of Christ, it was best to let them rest, until 'the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first.'"

Some one asked me, "Do you believe in the sleep of the dead?"

In reply I said, "The Lord would not have to awake the dead unless they were asleep. St. Paul says, 'We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.' What the Lord calls sleep, I have no authority to change; hence I must believe that dead men are asleep."

There were several who came into the light, and the doctrine of the coming of the Lord was a theme in which they took great delight.

As arrangements had been made to hold a tent-meeting in New Westminster, B. C., we decided to close the meeting in Blain, and move the tent at once; Bro. Hawks having previously gone to secure a lot and advertise the meetings. After shipping the tent I remained in the town for a few days' rest.

We met some very kind Christian friends in New Westminster, who assisted us in locating our tent in a field near the Government buildings, and getting ready for the meetings. I put up my large prophetic chart, which I used to illustrate our whereabouts on the stream of time, and continued there for two weeks with more than ordinary interest. Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers were present on several occasions, and manifested considerable interest, especially when treating on symbolic prophecy as portrayed in the books of Daniel and Revelation. I tried to mix in as much gospel as possible with our prophetic talk, which proved a blessing to the Christian people, as but few of the unconverted were present at any of the night meetings.

On the last Sunday afternoon of the meetings, it had been announced that I would speak to men only upon a topic of special interest, which brought out a large number of men of all ages. The Mayor of the city, Mr. Carter, who had shown us much kindness was present. Mr. J. M. Cunningham the millionaire, came to the meeting for the first time, and before the service closed he was upon his knees weeping like a little child.

The Spirit gave great power while preaching upon the subject of "sin and salvation." After showing how sin came into the world, and that death and hell had followed in its track, and all who are in its mighty grasp are powerless to deliver themselves from its awful consequences, I then showed how God so loved the world, that he had provided a ransom in the gift of his only begotten Son. While illustrating and applying the truth the power fell upon us in a wonderful manner, and soon the whole congregation was moved; many of the young men broke out in heartrending sobs and cried to God to have mercy upon them. I do not remember of any in the tent that were not greatly disturbed. We lingered with the seekers for a long while after the meeting broke up, in prayers and songs, trying to encourage faith in the promises of him who said, "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

We bade them farewell, and the following morning took down the tent and sent it to Sumas; while I went to Vancouver City and preached in

the Temperance Hall for nearly two weeks, with some encouraging results. In Vancouver I met a strange medley of religious sentiments; but for right-down fanaticism, and self-righteousness, the "Flying Roll" or Holy Jumpers (as they were called) excelled in knowing it all, and possessing it all.

As there was no Adventist Church in Vancouver, of course we could expect but little spiritual help from the people. There were several who had come into the light upon the doctrines of conditionalism and the inheritance of the saints, but they were so divided among themselves, that a nucleus was hard to be found upon which to plant the truth as a light house to the people.

Having received a call from Sumas, Wash., to assist in a ten days' camp-meeting, I decided to go. I closed my meetings at Vancouver, and made ready to join the brethren in a new campaign, where I met many of like precious faith.

Camp-Meeting at Sumas.

Arriving at Sumas, I was met at the station by several brethren, many of whom I had known on previous occasions, having visited Nooksack and Sumas during my first mission tour in November 1890. Bro. E. H. Carman, Rufus Stearns, and other brethren of like precious faith, had united their strength and constructed a building on the outskirts of the town, capable of seating several hundred people. The greater part of the covering

of this building was rifted from the cedars of Washington, with as much ease as you would split shingles. There were stringers running the entire length of the building as straight as an arrow, which had been spilt from the tree. I was reminded when looking the thing over, of the unhewn stones used by the patriarchs in building their altars upon which they offered their sacrifices to Jehovah.

There was no part of those altars polished, or carved by the hand of art, but simply the rough stones thrown, or rolled together upon which the sacrifice was burnt with fire. At this tabernacle the people assembled from many parts of the country; mostly from Washington and British Columbia, and poured their devotions upon the altar within the gates of their Zion.

From beginning to close of that Convention, perfect harmony and pure love prevailed. From early morning till late at night the voice of prayer, praise and thanksgiving could be heard, often amid tears and earnest pleading for lost sinners. Heaven was moved, and lost men and women found the Saviour and came into liberty, rejoicing in their new-found hope.

There were several earnest preachers of the gospel of the kingdom present at the meetings, whose whole souls were on fire for God and the spread of his truth. There were, on several occasions, unusual displays of divine power when hardened sinners were converted and wondrously saved. I recall several incidents of special im-

portance during that meeting at Sumas, which I cannot easily forget. The first one which occurred of more than ordinary notice was on this wise:

After a deeply impressive sermon had been delivered, which caused nearly everybody to take the anxious seat for self-examination and reconsecration to God, many professors one after another began to confess their faults, and a wave of genuine repentance swept over the place. The altar was packed with penitents seeking forgiveness from God, and also from their neighbors, whom they had wronged in any way. Truly it was a heart-searching experience in which everybody seemed to share.

There were several who struggled for a long time with some kind of habit from which they were praying to be free. I said to one man by whose side I was kneeling: "What is the thing from which you desire to be free? Why don't you give up to God and get the victory?"

"Oh," said he, "it is so hard; it is my tobacco habit. I have used it so long that it has became a part of my nature."

"Will you give it to me?" I said: "give your pipe, tobacco, yourself and all to the Lord just now?"

Raising himself up he exclaimed: "Yes, I will give up everything which I know to be wrong; and by God's grace I will lead a new life."

At this point the scene changed, and as one after another arose from their knees, I suggested

that every one who was indulging in any habit which brought them into condemnation to give it up now. I arose from my seat, and taking down my hat passed it around; and within a few minutes it was filled with tobacco plugs, pipes, cigars, rag-roses, feathers and trinkets of wearing apparel. There was great joy manifested on that occasion as one and another bore testimony to what the Lord had done for them.

Having taken those idols from my hat and hid them away, I announced that a burial service of their idols would be arranged for the next morning, and desired all who could to be present. At the appointed time quite a number assembled, when in their presence I threw their little gods in a hole I had dug and buried them deep; then I prayed that God would help these dear friends from going back to their idols. The scene was pathetic and seemed more like the funeral of a friend, as nearly every face was wet with tears. The meetings continued to increase in interest, and new ones were coming out on the Lord's side daily.

Another Incident.

The second Sunday night was the crowning service as to the sweep and effect of the meetings. The tabernacle was packed to the limit. I was selected as the speaker of the evening, which I reluctantly accepted because of my physical weariness. However, when the time arrived for the opening of the service, it seemed as though a spring of joy was within me, and I felt assured that

the Lord wanted me to deliver his message to the people. The topic for the occasion was "The investigative and executive judgment," taken from the text, "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14: 12). I shall not attempt to reproduce the sermon in this narrative, for that would be absolutely impossible; but it is certain that the message was quick and powerful, and cut to the hearts and consciences of wicked men. We tried without classification to set before the people the nature and effects of sin in every form of speech in which it is used in the Bible. It was said by one, "That about every sort of criminal known to the people in this section of the country were within reach of your battery, and if they were not killed outright, they must have been seriously wounded."

The application of the subject in several instances proved to be personally adapted, which aroused the recipient to make known his disapproval of my listening to the tittle-tattle of the neighborhood, and then go before the public and scandalize the people.

At the Mount Baker Hotel, where I was stopping, about all the railroad officials of that section boarded, and as many of them had attended the meeting that night, I, of course, came in for a share of their criticism; but none among them were more sensitive than the proprietor, who seemed to think the preacher's severity against certain habits was wide of the mark of his duty.

On the following morning I made several calls among the people who received me gladly. One man said, "That sermon last night has stirred the people as I never saw them before. Why, one man came in this morning and paid me twenty-five dollars with the interest which he owed me for several years, and said he never would pay me."

Another business man called me into his shop and told me that one of the railroad officials had paid him that morning for a suit of clothes for which he had owed him a long time.

During the morning we met at the tabernacle for a gospel love-feast, when several of the converts were filled with the Spirit, and were baptized in the evening of that day. At noontime I was invited to dine with one of the brethren, and had taken a seat in his wagon, and while waiting for the driver a burly-looking fellow stepped up to me saying, "I would like to smash your nose."

Thinking him jesting, I said, "What would I do without my nose? I have carried it now for some fifty-seven years, certainly you don't want to hurt me; if so for what?"

"It is your mouth I would like to smash. You go around and hear people's lies about me, and then tell what you hear in the pulpit."

When I saw that he was in earnest I jumped from the seat and made toward him, but he evaded me by running into the bushes, and the fight was off. His wife begged me not to forget to pray for him as he was a very wicked man. Before the meeting closed he was converted and baptized.

REMINISCENCES.

While reviewing in brief a historical sketch of my travels and labors during a period of forty-six years, I am deeply impressed with the fact of Jehovah's providential care and protection. I have traveled many thousands of miles both by sea and land, without mishap or accident, of bodily harm or loss of valuables, with one exception: I was robbed of twenty-five dollars in my room one night in Jacksonville, Fla.

I began my humble ministry in the land of my nativity in November 1865, and through the loving-kindness of our heavenly Father I continue until this day, Feb. 18, 1911, rooted and grounded in the faith; "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

To give the reader some idea of the extent of my travels and labors, I will herewith give a calendar account of the Provinces and States where I have tried to preach the "glorious gospel of the blessed God."

Nova Scotia.

Victoria Beach.
Bay View.
Broad Cove.
Gulliver's Cove.
Hutchinsonville.
Port Wade.
Carsdale.
Goat Island.
Stony Beach.
Granville Ferry.
Wadeville.
Litchfield.
Hillsburn.
Parker's Cove.
Young's Cove.
Hampton.

Port George.
Wilmot Mountain.
Clarence.
Bridgetown.
Scott's Bay.
Halifax.
Annapolis Cape.
Annapolis.
Digby.
Smith Cove.
Bear River.
Clementsvale.
Lequille.
Graywood.
Millford.
Kempt.
Harmony.
Caledonia.
Brookfield.
Pleasant Valley.
Digby Neck.
Racquett.
Yarmouth.
Pubnico.
East Pubnico.
Wood's Harbor.
Bear Point.
Cape Island.
Prott.
Lake Larose.
Dalhousie.
Waldic Line.

New Brunswick.

Woodstock.
Simonds.
Jacksonville.
Peel.
St. John.
Douglastown.
Newcastle.
Moncton.
Grand Manan.

Maine, U. S. A.

Auburn.
Bath.
Bangor.
Belfast.
Belgrade.
Eliot.
Crouseville.
Biddeford.
Kennebunk.
Kennebunkport.
Sebago Lake.
Old Orchard.
Wells.
Saco.
Portland.
Lewiston.
Lake Auburn.
Friendship.
Searsport.
Milltown.
Mechanic Falls.
Westbrook.
Washington.
South Eliot.
Kittery.

Vermont.

South Vernon.
Brattleboro.
Fair Haven.
Derby.
Bebee Plain.
Vernon.
Newport.

Massachusetts.

Lynn.
Swampscott.
Marblehead.
Salem.
Peabody.
Danvers.
Newburyport.
Gloucester.
Haverhill.
Bradford.
Wardhill.
Lawrence.
Lowell.
Reading.
Wakefield.
Melrose.
Malden.
Maplewood.
Cliftondale.
Everett.
Somerville.
Charlestown.
Chelsea.
Boston.
East Boston.
South Boston.
Milton.
Cambridge.
Winchester.
Hudson.
Stowe.
Clinton.
Leominster.
Plymouth.
Brockton.
Whitman.
Taunton.
New Bedford.
Fairhaven.
Fall River.
Mattapoisett.
Plainville.
Tremont.
Wareham.
Eastham.
Wellfleet.
Rockland.
Beverly.
Wenham.
Natick.
Southbridge.
Worcester.
Warren.
Spencer.
Charlton.
Millbury.
Palmer.
Springfield.
Westfield.
Goshen.
Framingham.
Raddings.
Westboro.
Fiskdale.

New Hampshire.

Manchester.
Concord.
Goffstown.
Pittfield.
Deerfield.
Exeter.
Dover.
Farmington.
Alton.
Alton Bay.
Lakeport.
Portsmouth.
Hampton.
Seabrook.
Epping.
Newcastle.
[illegible]eat Falls.
[illegible]hester.
[illegible]t Rochester.
[illegible]olfboro.
Louden.
Louden Ridge.

Rhode Island.

Providence.
Pawtucket.
Coventry Center.
Greene.
River Point.
Escoheag.
Woonsocket.
Lafayette.
Rocky Brook.
North Scituate.

Connecticut.

Hartford.
Bristol.
Waterbury.
Plainville.
Southington.
Wallingford.
Torrington.
Campville.
New Haven.
Thompsonville.
Scitico.
Windsor Locks.
Guilford.
Warehouse Point.
East Norwalk.

New York.

Glen Falls.
Brooklyn.
Sandy Hill.

Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia.

Virginia.

Norfolk.

North Carolina.

Wilmington.

Georgia.

Brunswick.

Florida.

Jacksonville.
West Lavilla.
South Jacksonville.
Lake Ogden.
Lake City.
Live Oak.
Tampa.
Port Tampa City.
Gainesville.
Olusta.

Illinois.

Chicago.

Washington.

Seattle.
Tacoma.
Bellingham.
Blaine.
Nooksack.
Sumas.

British Columbia.

Vancouver.
New Westminister
Mount Pleasant.
Haddington.

California.

San Francisco.
Oakland.
San Jose.
Berkeley.
Alameda.
Santa Clara.
Gilroy.
Santa Cruz.
San Monica.
Pasadena.
Los Angeles.
Potter Valley.

CAMP-MEETING REMINISCENCES AND PROPHETIC REFLECTIONS.

About one year ago this time, as I remember well,
We met within this tented grove the love of God to tell;
How Jesus Christ, His only Son, for sinners came to die
Upon the cross, and from the grave arose and went on high.

How He shall come in glory crowned, with all the angel band,
To raise the dead and judge the world, and give the promised land;
For all the seed, both small and great, the promise is secure,
To those who persevere in grace and to the end endure.

We talked about our victories and conflicts by the way,
And listened to the gospel hope expounded day by day;
By preachers and the people who had come from far and near,
In holy convocation sweet the souls of each to cheer.

We met to sing the same old songs we sang in former days,
Which filled our hearts with holy fire of gratitude and praise
To Him, the truth, the light, the way, the heavenly manna given
To all who hunger, thirst, and seek God's bounty sent from heaven.

We met in sacred bonds of love, the saints throughout the land,
Who came up to the yearly feasts a holy praying band;
The pilgrim leaning on his staff, like patriarch of old,
Who spake of riches he possessed, worth more by far than gold.

We prayed for grace, for love and zeal, for gospel power and might,
Which fell upon the tented host at morning, noon, and night;
Like sacred flame the Spirit came in waves of cleansing power,
Renewing souls both young and old, within this sacred bower.

We'll ne'er forget the morning bell which called us from our rest,
To join the saints at half-past five, where many souls were blest
In yielding up their all to God, a sacrifice complete,
Of worldly pride, and sinful lusts laid down at Jesus' feet.

We'll ne'er forget the beaming eyes nor yet the smiling face
Of many who from year to year came to this sacred place;
Who sang and prayed, who laughed and cried, and talked of scenes to come
When Christ, the Judge of quick and dead, shall call His people home.

We'll ne'er forget those holy men, who raised the Advent cry,
Behold! behold the Lamb once slain, His coming draweth nigh;
The signs foretold have all been seen, in heaven, earth, and sea,
Awake, ye saints, no longer sleep, this is the jubilee.

We love the memory of those men, with gallant heart and true,
Who fought with courage bold and strong, than bade the world adieu;
They stood forth in the strength of God, as watchmen on the wall,
Who saw the coming sword of wrath, which on the world shall fall.

Peace to the memory of those men filled with prophetic fire,
Who preached the book of Daniel through, and never seemed to tire
Of gleaning from that Sacred Book of most essential worth,
That Christ shall came with all His saints, and reign upon the earth.

That Book contains prophetic time for Jew and Gentile race,
To end the law and ope to all the door of hope and grace,
Through Christ whose sacrificial death upon the shameful tree,
Confirmed the time and sealed the days of Daniel's prophecy.

The image with the golden head, with clay and iron feet,
Foretold the world's great empires, their progress and defeat;
How kingdoms that should rise on earth, and triumph over all,
Should lose the glory of their power, and into ruins fall.

The beasts with all their potent forms, with heads and horns arrayed,
As governments of civil powers to Daniel were portrayed;
The little horn with eyes and mouth whose look was fierce and bold,
Cast to the earth the stars of heaven, and on the saints laid hold.

To persecute and change the times and laws at His command,
The holy people, called the saints, were given in His hand;
"For time, and times, and half a time," so said the holy seer,
Who called a day of mystic time a full prophetic year.

Twelve hundred days and ninety more of full prophetic time,
Should be the period of the horn for bloodshed, sin and crime,
When nations waking from their sleep beheld with glad surprise
The downfall of the papal power before their wondering eyes.

To mark the ending of the days the Scriptures gave the light,
And when the vision of the Lord flashed forth upon their sight,
They understood the Master's words who gave the Church command
To read from Daniel's prophecy, and then to understand.

The sun and moon should darkened be, the stars from heaven fall,
While nations in distress should wail, who hear the judgment call;
And men grew weak with fear and dread to meet the final shock
Described by John in Patmos Isle, recorded in his book.

But some there were who looked serene, and thought it might be true,
That judgment day was coming soon, when men should get their due;
They walked and talked like men endued with holy truth and grace,
Who prayed and sang, and seemed to love the coming Saviour's face.

But hope deferred had made them sick, their day of hope soon fled,
And in their hearts turned back again, of many it was said,
To join with proud and wicked men, who scoffingly did say,
"Where is the promise, or the sign, of the great judgment day?"

"All things created from the first, continue as they were,"
Thus said the mocking, jeering crowd, who boast they have no fear;
Forgetful of the day of wrath, that cometh like a thief,
In which the heavens pass away, and scoffers wail with grief.

"But as the day of Noah were, so shall these last days be,"
Deceivers still deceiving men, and doing wickedly;
In building, planting, sowing, still earth's pleasures all are sought,
While one thing needful by the world is wilfully forgot.

But ye, beloved, seeing that ye know such things before,
Grudge not at all. Behold, the Judge who stands before the door;
Be patient as the husbandman, who waiteth for the rain;
Until the promise is fulfilled, "I will return again."

And though the trial of your faith more precious than of gold,
Be tried with fire day by day, still hear the word, behold!
Behold, he cometh like a thief, and every eye shall see
The triumph of Messiah's train, the Saviour's victory.

Cast not away your confidence, oh, cast it not away,
For you have need of patience, though His coming yet delay;

For yet, 'tis said, "a little while," and tarry He will not!
Meanwhile "the just shall live by faith," should never be forgot.

"Fear not, ye faithful little flock," the Word of God is sure,
The Father's pleasure is to give to those who shall endure
A kingdom, crown, and endless life, provided for the just,
Who live by faith, o'ercome the world, temptation, pride and lust.

The pure in heart shall dwell with God in scenes of endless day,
When sin and death, when pain and tears, from earth are swept away;
While saints redeemed by Jesus' blood, and angels raise their songs
Of hallelujahs to the Lamb, to whom the praise belongs.

Now lift your heads, ye saints; rejoice, the night will soon be past,
The daystar gleameth from the east, the sun is rising fast;
The resurrection trump will sound, the dead leap from their tomb,
The wicked wake to see their Judge, and hear their final doom.

The living saints with those who sleep, at once obey the call,
And leave the dust where long they dwelt, beneath death's gloomy pall;
Then in the twinkling of an eye, together shall they rise,
To see their long-expected Lord, with new immortal eyes.

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come," to reign on David's throne,
And bring His chosen exiles to their long-expected home,
While heaven and earth in concert join, to swell the grand refrain
Of hallelujahs to the Lamb, for evermore Amen.

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